Saturday Night

January 8, 1955 • 10 Cents

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THE HON. MILTON F. GREGG, VC: The labor market (Page 4).

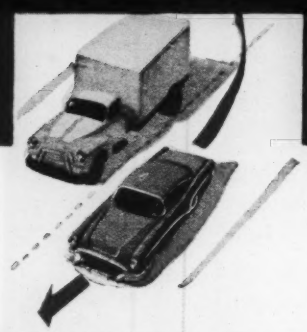
The Front Page

Several weeks ago hotheads in provincial Farmers' Unions were talking about a march on Ottawa to impress on the Federal Government the need for all sorts of gimmicks to prop up the prices of agricultural products. Parliament reassembles this week and there has been no sign that the silly stunt will take place, but one can be sure that, march or not, both the Government and the Opposition will be under unusual pressure from farming interests who want the present system of price supports maintained and extended.

There will be some parliamentarians who will not hesitate to parrot the demands for more farm subsidies; there isn't any handier device for snaring rural votes, as Agriculture Minister Gardiner has demonstrated so ably in the past. Indeed, from what he had to say at the last Federal-provincial conference on agriculture, Mr. Gardiner may be as busy as anyone trying to persuade his colleagues in the Cabinet that the least they can do is to go along with the present supports—and it would do much to restore his waning prestige as a champion of the farmer if he could

THE NEW CANADIANS
By Willson Woodside: Page 6

What's up in styling? power? performance?



Illustrated: Buick "Roadmaster" Riviera

Thrill of the year is Buick

NEW SAFETY. *When you want quick action to get out of a traffic tight spot, you just push the accelerator pedal the last half inch beyond full throttle—and the way those variable pitch propellers in Dynaflow Drive go to work is hard to believe.*

You can see there's a fresh, new-day note to its styling. And there's brilliant new power beneath that graceful hood, too. But the big thrills go even deeper in these 1955 Buicks.

You see, Buick now uses the modern airplane's principle of "variable pitch" propulsion. The propeller uses one "pitch" of its blades for take-off and climbing—another gas-saving "pitch" in the cruising range. Buick engineers have applied this pitch-changing principle to Dynaflow Drive.*

What happens when the little blades of a Dynaflow "stator" change their pitch? The answer is waiting for you now . . . in the handsomest, ablest and highest-powered Buicks that ever greeted a new year.

So what are you waiting for? Better get behind the wheel of a 1955 Buick . . . and be up to date on the greatest advance in years.

**Standard on Roadmaster, optional at extra cost on other Series.*

WHEN BETTER AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT —BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

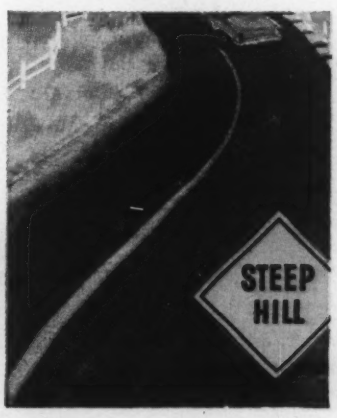
A General Motors Value

MORE MILES PER GALLON

This spectacular new Dynaflow development, added to other advances of recent years, gives you more miles per gallon than any previous Dynaflow Buick.

AND A NEW HIGH IN V8 POWER

236 h.p. in the ROADMASTER
236 h.p. in the SUPER
236 h.p. in the CENTURY
188 h.p. in the SPECIAL



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convince them that the least is not good enough.

The arguments against a fixed policy of price supports, however, are too strong to be ignored or set aside in favor of regional political advantage. The results of unwise subsidization are too obvious to be disregarded any longer.

Price supports are a departure from economic reality. Not only do they make a consumer pay twice for the food he eats—once as a taxpayer and again as a buyer—but they encourage inefficient production and a condition of chronic surplus. And that is not all. The support system leads to bad conservation practices—to the "mining" of soil and the use of land that should never be broken.

Canadian farmers have had harsh things to say about the restrictions placed on trade by the United States, but apparently they do not understand these restrictions are the inevitable result of the kind of price-support policy now being sought in Canada. Now the U.S. Government, paying more than $200 million a year just for the storage of surpluses, is desperately trying to reduce the tremendous burden that this policy has placed on the American consumer. It would be madness for Canada to get into the same fix.

Pieces of Paper

WITH PARLIAMENT reassembling this week, now would be a good time to repeat the confession made a while ago in the House of Lords by Lord Jowitt, Lord Chancellor in the United Kingdom's last Socialist Government. "When I was Lord Chancellor," he said, "I read out a completely inappropriate piece of paper dealing with an amendment. Your Lordships were very much impressed by what I read out, and gave me the amendment. A few minutes afterwards I came to the amendment to which the piece of paper was appropriate. I was in great difficulty whether I should read the same paper again or go back to the earlier one which I had missed. I decided to read the same one again. I did so and it went very well. No one knew that there was anything the matter, and I got my amendment."

Northwood Ho

WE HAD a chat the other day with Laurel Crosbie, publicity director for The Canadian Players (the group directed by Douglas Campbell which has just finished a tour of some 25 centres in Southern Ontario with a platform version of *Saint Joan*) so soon after her return from the north that the frost was still clinging to her eyelashes. But if the weather was cold, the reception the people of Northern Ontario gave Miss Crosbie and Robin Patterson (the wife of Tom Patterson, the originator of the Stratford Shakespearean Festival and President of The Canadian Players) was heart-warming.

"There was quite an astonishing reaction and enthusiasm," Miss Crosbie said. "The people up there seem to feel that from the point of view of live entertainment, they're the Forgotten Land. When they realized that someone was trying to bring them straight drama, they were delighted and the result is that beginning Jan. 6 in Moosonee and ending Jan. 22 in Sudbury, the company is going to perform in ten places: Cochrane, Kapuskasing, Iroquois Falls, Timmins, Kirkland Lake, New Liskeard, North Bay and Noranda. In every place we've got a local sponsor. Sometimes it's the service clubs or the IODE, but in others it's a real community effort. Iroquois Falls, for example, has set up a permanent committee called the Abitibi Cultural Activities Committee and intends to keep it going to try to bring other things up.

Peter Smith

LAUREL CROSBIE: Astonishing.

"We got the idea for this northern tour one day when we were discussing future plans, and then we got a letter from someone up north who had seen the play while in the south and wanted to know why we couldn't bring it up. That sparked it. We thought about it some more and the only practical thing to do seemed to be to go up and have a look. So we went and when we saw the enthusiasm, we stayed and did the job of organizing. We were there about a month."

Miss Crosbie is from Johannesburg. "I came to Canada last April as an immigrant and to visit my sister and brother-in-law (the Nicholas Monsarrats) and every time I open a paper and read the reports from South Africa, I'm more than glad to be staying in Canada. I had done public relations work there for six years in the Information Bureau when General Smuts was Prime Minister. I met Tom Patterson in Ottawa when *Saint Joan* opened there. He offered me this job and here I am."

Insurance Risks

WE PASS along a terse note we received the other day from a London correspondent: "When 16 UK soccer players flew to Moscow recently, the insurance people insisted that they travel in two planes, to reduce the danger of disaster. When the British Parliamentary delegation, 16 members of the Lords and Commons, flew back from Moscow in one aircraft, no one was worried."

Subsidized Competition

AS 1954 drew to a close, obituaries were being written for two institutions in Ottawa, the fine Repertory Theatre and a professional hockey team with a grand tradition, the Senators. Since Ottawa's experience may well be shared by other communities, it is worth examining.

In a report on the troubles of the Repertory Theatre, Charles Southgate wrote: "This is the first year that all forms of entertainment and all sports are feeling the weight of government-subsidized entertainment in the form of television". Hockey officials placed the full blame for their failure on the competition from televised games in Toronto and Montreal; theatre officials thought that TV was one of the big factors in keeping audiences away from their performances. The complaint is not a new one; it has been heard for years in the United States, but there the competition for audiences is simply the outcome of technological change. In Canada, we have something entirely different—the Government using public funds to make the competition one-sided. The struggling theatre companies and sports organizations with limited resources are all going to feel "the weight of government-subsidized entertainment".

No matter who operates the TV stations, of course, some activities are bound to yield in the scramble for the spectator's time and interest. But government should stay outside that scramble, and the *Ottawa Journal*, in a thoughtful editorial, gives the reason: "The relevant point is whether the state has a right to have its own entertainment, the right to subsidize one form of entertainment against another, to interfere with or injure certain forms of entertainment which some people may like, and in which many

The Front Page

may have invested a great deal of money. What we get down to, in fact, is the social, moral and economic implications of the government in the entertainment field—in effect dictating to us, through a device of subsidies, what sports we should see and in what form, what films we should see and in what form, what actors we should watch and what music we should hear."

Parliament has a committee whose responsibility it is to examine policies governing broadcasting in Canada. It has had an undistinguished record so far, but it could redeem itself by making a thorough, rational examination of the consequences of the government's use of public funds to destroy private ventures.

Delayed Mail

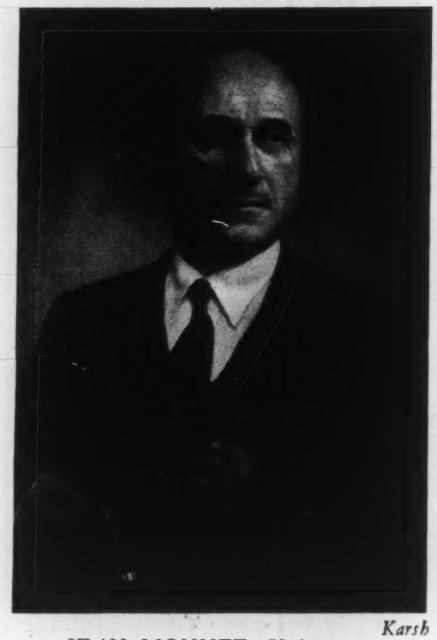
ARCHAEOLOGISTS rummaging around in a Roman well in Somerset have found three wooden tablets bearing the earliest examples of ink writing ever discovered in Britain. The tablets, apparently, were part of an official letter. And not far from the site of the discovery, a woman recently got a badly damaged letter with a terse explanation scrawled on the back of it, "Eaten by snails". All of which makes us feel a little more charitable as Christmas mail keeps straggling in.

A Great Frenchman

THERE ARE many, inside France and out, who consider Jean Monnet the greatest Frenchman of his time. If he is not so well known to North Americans as Mendès-France, de Gaulle or Bidault, that is because he has confined his work mainly to the economic field and kept out of politics, and because the politicians have put their names on his projects. The greatest of these, for a European coal and steel pool, was taken over by Robert Schuman, who contended that since he was the minister who would have the responsibility for it, his name should be attached to it. Still another project, taken over as the Pleven Plan, became even more famous as the European Defence Community or EDC, finally rejected by the French Assembly last summer.

But a third great project retains Monnet's own name, and it is one that ought to make him Mendès-France's favorite Frenchman, for it laid the basis for the modernization of the French economy which is the premier's chief interest in life. The Monnet Plan, laid down in 1946-47, called for the modernization of French heavy industry and a great increase in power, from coal, hydro-electric and oil sources, to feed this industry. The plan was all ready when General Marshall came along, providentially, with *his* plan to provide the money for European recovery, and undoubtedly was one of the things that influenced the American offer.

Today Monnet's great hydro plants, and a great new oil port in Marseilles, stand ready-built, while the modernization which he spurred in the French coal and steel industry allowed France to enter the Schuman Coal and Steel pool able not only to hold her own with Germany but to hold an advantage. These were the days when France was leading the parade to European unity, and Britain was holding back. Lately the marching order has



Karsh

JEAN MONNET: Unity now.

turned right-about, and so Monnet, having as President of the European Coal and Steel Community brought Britain into close association with it, is now leaving to devote his energy to the flagging cause of European unity in France.

Working Man (*Cover Picture*)

THERE WAS restrained optimism about business prospects for 1955, as Canada moved into a new year, but conditions had not improved enough to give the Minister of Labor, Mr. Gregg, any assurance that the session of Parliament beginning this week would be a pleasant interlude in his ministerial duties. Unemployment this winter is a continuing problem, and unless the Opposition is particularly stupid, Mr. Gregg will need the full support of his colleagues in the cabinet to dispose of the questions, accusations and suggestions that will spring from Parliament's consideration of matters that affect Canada's labor force.

There undoubtedly will be a discussion about the compulsory arbitration forced on railway workers a few months ago. Prime Minister St. Laurent was the principal figure in that incident, but he will be leaving Ottawa for London and the conference of Commonwealth prime ministers later this month. He may not be in the Commons to share with Mr. Gregg the job of defining the Government's position in the settling of labor disputes that come under federal law.

Unemployment insurance is certain to be prominent among the questions that directly concern the jobless. The Canadian Federation of Mayors and Municipalities has emphasized that local governments cannot take on heavy relief burdens; spokesmen for labor unions are insistent that payments to the unemployed are inadequate; and social workers believe that many husbands, officially listed as deserting their families, are only technically guilty—they are leaving only to enable their families to apply for municipal help. This matter alone should provide Mr. Gregg with a lively time during the session.

Rosy Confusion

SEVERAL CANADIAN newspapers have had nasty things to say recently about the apparent confusion in the United States over the legal position of the Communist party. They seem to think it is absurd of the Americans to identify Communism with sedition. While it is true that the hatred and fear inspired by Communism have made many Americans indulge in pretty murky thinking, their critics all too often are just as confused about the meaning and purpose of Communism. Some of the Canadian newspapers, for example, still talk about the Communist party as if it were simply a political organization fitting nicely into the democratic system of politics. This ingenuous belief, in turn, prevents any rational discussion of whether or not the Communist party should have any legal rights in a democratic state.

A democracy ceases to exist when its citizens lose their freedom of speech, of belief and of choice of political parties. Communist doctrine, from Marx to Malenkov, does not permit any such freedom, because the individual is constantly subservient to the state; no choice is possible. In a democracy, therefore, the Communist can be a legal citizen, but he has no moral right to a vote, because his voting power is directed towards the destruction of the freedom that makes democracy possible. It follows that any free state is justified in outlawing the Communist party, just as it is justified in preventing the spread of a plague that would wipe out its citizens. It is the method by which the outlawing is to be done, not the right to do it, that makes a reasonable subject for debate.

The Five Rising Stars of Liberalism

Men Credited with Potentialities of Future Leadership

HON. WALTER HARRIS, Minister of Finance and Receiver General.

HON. JOHN PICKERSGILL, Minister of Citizenship and Immigration.

HON. JEAN LESAGE, Minister of Northern Affairs and National Resources.

HON. RENE BEAUDOIN, Speaker of the House of Commons.

Mr Harris, in the Ministry of Finance at 50, takes foremost place in the speculation. His shrewd judgment, his commonsense and his industry are assets but his handling of immigration has been criticized. He is better grounded in the basic principles of Liberalism than most Ministers.

Mr. Pickersgill (48) did not sit for nothing at the feet of Mackenzie King for years. He is a virtuoso in appraising public opinion and policies; his skill as a "fixer" has won him the gratitude of many but he still has to prove his ability as a parliamentarian and administrator.

Mr. Lesage (41) has been steadily enhancing his reputation since he entered Parliament in 1945. He is not an extreme racialist and has adopted Mr. St. Laurent's liberal outlook on international affairs.

Mr. Beaudoin (42) is an able and more attractive politician than some of his colleagues from Quebec; he has the gift for winning friends, invaluable in a politician.

Mr. Winters (43) does not follow the traditional pattern of Nova Scotia statesmen; he is an engineer, not a lawyer. He is popular with all parties.

HON. ROBERT WINTERS, Minister of Public Works.

Centre photograph by CP: others by Capital Press

Problem In Integration: The New Canadians

By WILLSON WOODSIDE

"INTEGRATION" is a harsh word to use about human beings. But it is a better word to use in a discussion with New Canadians than "assimilation". The latter implies taking their own national characteristics from the newcomers and making them over into Anglo-Canadians or French-Canadians. Integration means fitting them into Canadian life, a new Canadian way of life towards which their own culture will make its contribution.

Integration has nothing to do with immigration—at least, with the numbers of immigrants to be admitted to Canada or the desirability of having them. But, obviously, the choice of which people to favor as immigrants will make a great difference in the effort required to fit them into Canadian life. If only people from the British Isles, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa were allowed into English-speaking Canada, and only people from France, Belgium and Switzerland into French-speaking Canada, there would be little problem of integration.

It is not that life in these countries today is so similar to life in Canada. The real point is that newcomers from these countries speak the language of this country fluently and come from the same general background of customs, education and morality; they have similar legal codes and are accustomed to parliamentary rule. They fit in here fairly readily. But today we are taking in people of many other origins and cultures.

With some of these there is no real problem. Jews, for example, don't even call themselves New Canadians, or consider themselves an "ethnic group". They adapt themselves readily to their surroundings. The Dutch are scarcely heard of, as Dutch-Canadians. As quickly as they master the language, they merge with their new surroundings and gather together mainly for religious and social affairs.

It is much the same with the Germans. If they were as few as the Dutch we would probably hear as little of them. Because they are many they have newspapers, their own radio programs and an active church and club life. It is mainly a social life, and carried on mainly by newcomers. From our experience with Germans of other generations, these new ones will pass in a few years out the other door of their German club and into normal Canadian life.

When you take a group of newcomers from an entirely different culture and a totally different world of political and ethical ideas, a group such as the Ukrainians from the Soviet Union who came here via refugee camps in Germany (bearing the detested title of DPs) after the war, you have a real problem of integration.

We were extremely lucky that these people could be taken care of by the large and well-organized Ukrainian-Canadian community in Canada. Through such an ethnic society, the newcomers can be Canadianized in two stages. First, they are integrated into the Ukrainian-Canadian community, which is Ukrainian in language and culture but Canadian in political and other ideas. Afterwards, they can be integrated into the broader Canadian life.

I know that many Canadians don't like to hear of the activities of the Canadian Polish Congress, the Baltic Federation, the Serbian National League or the many other ethnic associations now active in this country. They are inclined to ask: "Why don't they forget that stuff, and just be Canadians? We don't want any hyphenated Canadians." Maybe not, but that is what we shall have to expect of the newcomer during the first few years of his life here.

Let us try putting ourselves in his place. He walks out of the station, say in Toronto, where about a quarter of all newcomers to Canada arrive. Everything is strange. He probably doesn't speak English very well. Yet he needs to find out a whole lot of things in a hurry. Where is he to live? What are the chances of getting a job? How are things in this country, really? Where can his children go to school?

So the immigrant seeks out his own kind, people who can "teach him the ropes", people who understand just what he is up against and can tell it all to him in a language he understands perfectly. He takes a room or flat where he can be near some of his fellow-countrymen. He joins his ethnic association. For the time being, this is his world. He can express himself properly. Here he will be respected for what he is, whether he be lawyer, engineer, professor or craftsman, instead of being judged by his broken English or his lowly job.

Respect and self-expression—these are important factors in bringing the newcomer, and especially the newcomer who held an important position in his homeland but can't find a suitable place in Canada, into the ethnic associations. I

CP

CANADA LOOKS GOOD to the Trobl family, who rode a "freedom train" out of Czechoslovakia. Nevertheless, they will face great problems before they are finally "integrated" into Canadian life. Of the million-odd newcomers since the war, half have settled in Ontario.

know many sad cases of such misfits: the wife of a former diplomat who is now a charwoman, a judge who is a watchman, a cabinet minister who is a caretaker, a finance minister who is a bookkeeper. Such a comedown in the world produces a great strain on one's self-respect. In his ethnic society, however, the person is appreciated for what he is.

The situation is particularly difficult for ethnic journalists and writers. In spite of the experience of the famous Pole who became Joseph Conrad, it is next to impossible for a writer or journalist to learn or polish his English sufficiently well to earn a living in this highly competitive field. Only a few of them can earn a living on the ethnic newspapers and magazines; the rest remain frustrated, a particularly grievous waste, because they are just the people who might do most to interpret their people to Canadians, and *vice versa*.

In the midst of all the stress and strain it is natural that the newcomer should turn to his ethnic church. Because many immigrants live in districts we may consider slums, it does not follow that they live a typical slum life. On Sunday huge crowds pour out of the ethnic churches in the "poorest" districts of Toronto.

Finally, the newcomer subscribes to his own ethnic newspaper and joins his ethnic library, to seek out his favorite books.

Is he going to live in this "ghetto"—as many of them call it—forever? Some individuals will never leave it, perhaps because of unfortunate early experiences, but most do. The ethnic societies bring them into contact with partly integrated persons, from whom they learn a good deal, very quickly, about Canadian life. Ethnic papers teach their people about Canadian life; many use the material sent out to them weekly by *The Canadian Scene*, the splendid news service organized several years ago by Mrs. Peggy Jennings and Mrs. Barbara Osler of Toronto.

Against this background, how does this recent letter to the Toronto *Globe and Mail* sound? It is from an Englishwoman, herself a recent immigrant. She says: "At the CNE this year I looked at a Polish handicraft exhibit. To my amazement I discovered that the 'Poles in Canada' consider themselves a separate entity, run their own printing presses, have separate choirs and orchestras and even sports clubs. This situation seems to me highly dangerous. We shall have no truly national outlook if such groups try to retain their mother customs . . . . The fact should be stressed that they are Canadians as soon as they acquire citizenship."

Now this letter-writer raises a far more serious question than she imagines — the question of whether there are first-class and second-class immigrants and citizens in Canada. She admits she is only here a short time herself. Probably she is not yet a Canadian citizen: it requires five years for Briton as for non-Briton. Yet she is already laying down what "we" should do about Canadian citizenship.

I would like to suggest that she stop for a moment and consider all the advantages that *she* enjoys in coming to Canada. She can speak the language, find out all she needs to know, and express herself clearly when seeking a job. The big newspapers, the radio, the movies are all in her own language. She can go to lectures, or to church, and hear her own tongue. Had

Nakash

GREAT FRIEND of the New Canadians was the late J. Murray Gibbon of the CPR, who believed much could be drawn from their culture to enrich Canadian life.

she gone, instead, to Buenos Aires or Rio de Janeiro, she would have joined the British Club, taken the local English-language paper and the magazines from back home. She would have joined the Anglican Church, moved in English-speaking society and used these connections to get work. In short, she would have joined her ethnic society.

Some New Canadians feel very keenly about this assumption by immigrants from Britain of a privileged status, while others do not. The latter say that they understood they were coming to an Anglo-Saxon country of British traditions. They respect Britain, and they consider Canada more secure because of its connections with Britain. The former are beginning to take a stronger and stronger stand on the point that there can no longer be a question of *assimilating* all immigrants to Canada to a British or Anglo-Saxon tradition. What we must do, they say, is *integrate* the new people and their cultures to form a new Canadian culture.

We have talked thus far about the immigrant and what he is doing or should do. There is also much that *we* can do. To start with, there are three practical steps that the Government might take. The family allowance could be paid to newcomers on arrival, instead of making them wait a year. The old age pension could be paid as soon as they become citizens; at present 20 years' residence is required. And offices for providing information and help in acquiring citizenship could be kept open evenings and Saturdays, to save people from losing their pay, and perhaps risking their job, by taking time off.

Much more important are the things that we can all do, as individuals or clubs. We can take an interest in the New Canadians we are thrown into contact with. To find out *who* the person is and what he did in his homeland is often to find respect for him. We can ask the New Canadians into our homes. This is perhaps the best single thing we can do. A widely travelled and cultured guest once told me that ours was the first Anglo-Saxon home he had been invited into, in ten years in Canada.

Clubs and associations can invite New Canadians as guests, as the Canadian Club of Toronto did to its big Christmas Party this season. Or they can sponsor an immigrant aid association, as the Junior League of Toronto does with New Canadian Services. The latter organization grew out of one with which I was associated, the International Rescue Committee. Supported by American funds, it not only brought professional refugees across the Atlantic but settled them in their own field.

Of this type of person, many medical doctors have been admitted to practice in Canada, after doing a year's interneship and passing an examination. But much remains to be done for people with technical or business training. Stephen Davidovich of the Ontario Department of Education has suggested that the Board of Trade and the Society of Professional Engineers might collaborate in setting up Assessment Committees in the larger centres of Canada. With the help of a translator, if necessary, an applicant could explain his qualifications properly and show his certificates or diplomas to such a body, which could then write out an assessment. This the applicant could show to any firm, anywhere in Canada, instead of having to explain over and over again, in a hurry, in inadequate English, what he really can do.

These are only some of the many ways in which, by joining our efforts to those of the ethnic societies, we could help New Canadians to establish themselves more quickly and more happily. But let us remember, above all, that to become truly integrated in Canadian life they have to feel that they are wanted and accepted, and not just "DPs".

Letter from New York

Headaches of a Motorized Society

By Anthony West

LIKE MANY OTHER New Yorkers, I approached Christmas this year a great deal more genially than last. A wave of good sense seems to have struck the merchants of the city and they kept the heat off Santa Claus and the public until round about December 15. Even then the campaign was comparatively restrained and less brassy and noisome than usual, so that people were not irritated out of being happy in their own pleasant way.

The effect was a general all round loosening up and for once in a way the whole town seemed pervaded by genuine good feeling. Even the taxi drivers, who are as a rule transformed into a race of manhating demons by the traffic conditions that always seem to reach a peak of horror in December, were comparatively calm and friendly. Some of them were undoubtedly being Christmassy in the back-handed way suitable to their kind.

During the autumn, the new regulations governing the design of taxicabs went into effect and the devilish devices were out in force for the holiday rush. They are dear little cars, and I would cordially recommend them for use anywhere where the population averaged four-foot eight. The sight of anyone over five feet tall trying to get into one of the things with an armful of parcels is calculated to put any holder of a hackney cab driver's licence into a warm and cosy frame of mind. They are sweetly designed, low slung affairs, with the kind of zoot streamlining popularized by flat iron and cookstove designers, and they look madly dynamic, edging forward at the crawl normal in New York streets. When you have kowtowed in through their little rear doors and squeezed down into the pokey back part of the cab, you find that there is one comfortable seat with ample leg room—up in front beside the driver where nobody ever sits.

Bad as they are inside, they are much worse outside, achieving considerable triumphs in the realm of the anti-functional. They are stock cars designed to catch the eye, and apparent length is, it seems, an essential on the American market. This means adopting as an urban taxicab an object that overhangs bow and stern just as far as possible. They have long shallow trunks guarded on each side by fins at the rear and long hoods that reach out for four feet ahead of the drivers. Their points of difference from the old cabs are in weight and in the elimination of the so-called "safety factors" that used to permit the drivers to behave as if they were handling dodgem cars.

The owners managed to talk the city authorities into sanctioning their use on the ground that they would in some way ease the traffic problem. What they do is to cut the owner's fuel bills at the price of the users' comfort. The rumor that the next stage in New York cab design is foreshadowed by the Mercedes-Benz sports car—the one with the doors that open upwards, and that you have to do a crouching sway and shimmy to get into—is probably untrue.

The traffic has been causing other notions to sprout, too. As the logical answer to central congestion is dispersal, the new notions naturally enough call for further concentrations of business in mid-town. The real estate men have dreamed up two vast projects for office buildings on the Rockefeller centre scale, one to rise up on the site of Penn Station, the other out of Grand Central. The argument justifying them is beautiful in its simplicity—it's all to be done for the convenience of the commuters. At present the poor chaps arrive in New York and are then faced with a second transport problem of getting to their offices; how beautifully simple if they could just walk to the elevators and shoot up to their offices over the station. (This conjures up a pretty picture of the future, with an office worker going home from an office over a station to an apartment building over a suburban station. The lucky fellow need then never go out doors at all.) This argument doesn't say anything about the fact that the schemes will do absolutely nothing for the commuters working in existing buildings. But this is a futile criticism. The old stations that parodied Imperial Roman palaces seem to be doomed, and New York will soon have two more huge glass-skinned steel towers to drain and refill at each rush hour.

A similar project, with the same financial backing, is planned for Boston. There it's a case of covering over a freight yard in the ulcerous mid-town section a couple of blocks south of Commonwealth Avenue and transforming it into a Rockefeller centre with hotels, office buildings, supergarages, movie theatres, and goodness knows what. The model is attractive, as an exercise in design, and as a piece of city planning. The only defect is that it doesn't relate in any way to Boston and the peculiar characteristics which make that city so very much itself. But that is less to the point than the site on which these vast structures are to tower up. It lies in the angle between the two main traffic lines in and out of Boston from the southwest, and is almost dead on the centre of the area where the worst traffic blocks develop every morning and afternoon. The design of these clean and elegant work hives is perhaps closer to the idiocies of streamlined cab design than it is pleasant to think about.

The traffic problem is, incidentally, causing odd developments in the suburbs of greater New York. If you look at a map of the city you will see that it is at

Miller

SHOPPING CENTRE: "The car, not the shopper is the master of the layout."

the bottom of a V of land that runs up alongside the Hudson and along the Connecticut shore. The motor-car made this V into one huge suburb extending for 75 miles into the country, and not at all a bad suburb with a real combination of country and town advantages. The motor is now debauching what it created, and the necessity of handling the flow of cars in and out of the city is trenching the suburban area with parallel speedways.

Along with this development is another. The point of the suburb used to be that you had the pleasure of space, light and garden within an hour of the shops and pleasures of the town. Now the effort of getting into town is so disagreeable that the department stores have had to go out into the suburbs to hold their customers. New suburban shopping centres are cropping up beside the parkways, sprawling one or two storey structures in World's Fair style standing in a forlorn way in the middle of huge parking lots that have all the charm of the tarmac hangar aprons of wartime bomber stations. The neon signs and fat lettered store fronts that don't look so bad in the confines of a street, look much more tawdry and tasteless in a rural or semi-rural setting, and the total effect of this new kind of commercial outlet is disquietingly brutal. The architectural papers with clever use of camera angles and filters make them look not unattractive, but on the ground the truth is evident that the designers are working to traffic needs and not to the human scale. The shopper's car, and not the shopper, is the master of the layout.

These thoughts may seem unduly pessimistic, and possibly they are. But it was hard not to be a little grim about what the motor has done to us after December 15. President Eisenhower named it as safe driving day, and there was a month's propaganda to persuade everybody to be extra careful on the roads for those 24 hours. A great many people listened to the appeals and did their best. I was driving out of New York that evening and I noticed that the average speed along the Hendrik Hudson Parkway and on the Meritt had dropped by a good ten m.p.h. The net effect was to pull the day's traffic deaths down to 43 from the normal 60, and to reduce the toll of injuries from around 1500 to 1000.

Assuming that Americans could be induced to be as careful on every day of the year, we would be able to pull down the death roll to something near 14,000 a year. The usual 18,000 are butchered because cars are convenient and comfortable, and because, in most cases, someone is trying to save ten minutes on the hour. The gains hardly seem to balance the loss when one comes to basic values, and the appalling figures don't make me, for one, feel very happy about the ethics and the accomplishments of the motorized society.

The Public Prints

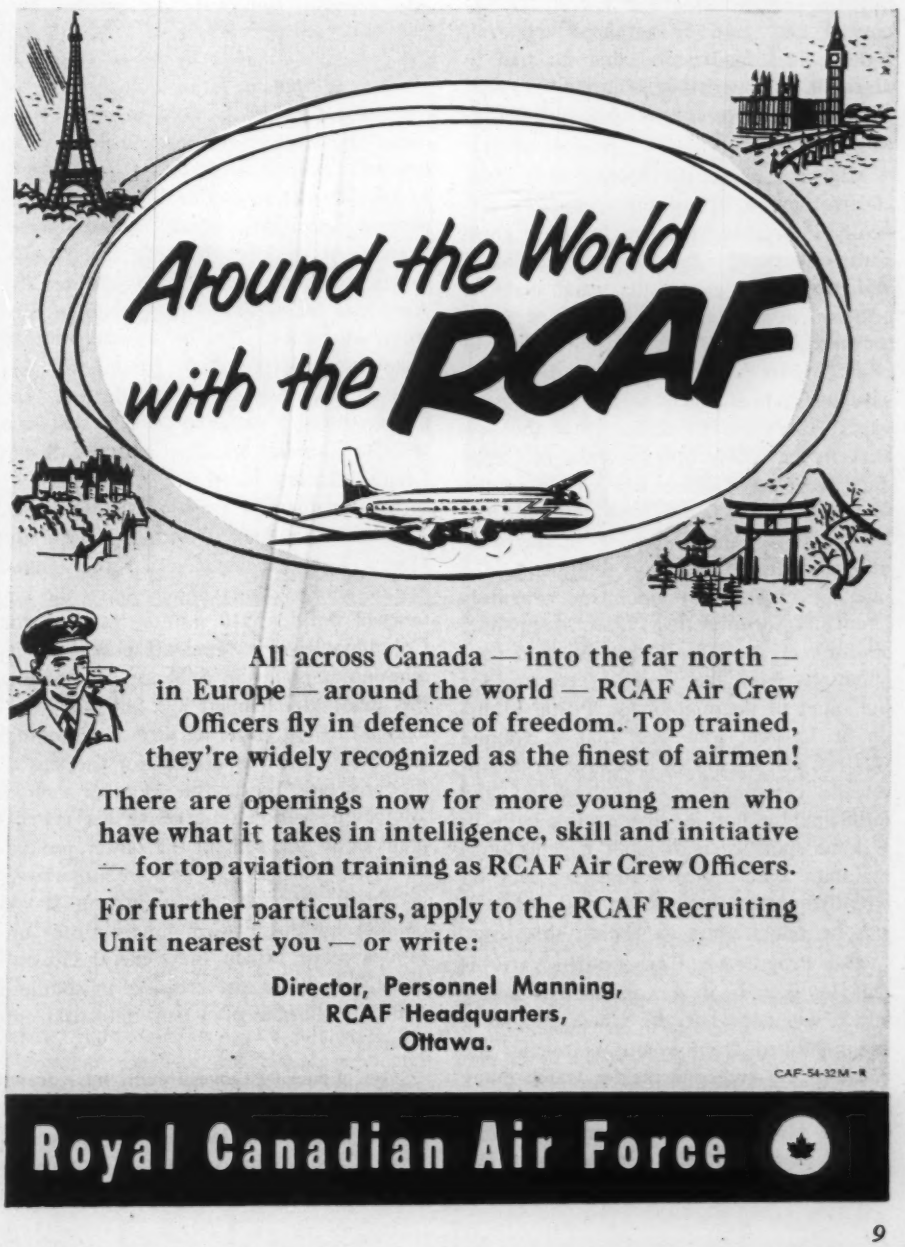
Brantford Expositor: The rambling, repetitious speaker is the one who has shirked his homework, and there are far too many of this type in public life.

If the rank and file MP has anything important to say, half an hour is more than ample, and the tighter he compresses the greater the impact will be. But that demands conscientious make-ready. It also calls for clear thinking, and neither of these virtues is discernible in much that is uttered in Parliament.

Toronto Globe and Mail: In a radio program, Immigration Minister Pickersgill said that while his department did not discriminate against any individual because of his race, it was not going to permit any "massive" influx of people from the British West Indies or Asia. This seems to us like a contradiction in terms. Far from accepting any "massive" influx of people from these parts of the world, Canada is taking only a trickle of them. In the last year of record, 1952, they totalled about 4,500, with the BWI contributing 673 of them. Whatever argument may be advanced to justify this form of racial discrimination, racial discrimination it remains.

Winnipeg Tribune: The problems of contemporary art are not merely problems of popularizing strange-looking pictures. Art touches life in so many ways that its problems have significance and value even for those who consider themselves to have no particular "appreciation" for art. The "art for art's sake" notion went down the drain long ago.

Edmonton Journal: It is explained that the reason Univac, the electronic calculator, guessed the U.S. election results wrong was that it was fed the wrong information. This shows the superiority of human experts, who can go wrong with the right information.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Ottawa Letter

Exports of Resources and Price Supports

By John A. Stevenson

AS THE FEDERAL PARLIAMENT has reassembled and its second session has started on a quiet note. For the first time television was employed to bring the opening ceremony into the full glare of visual publicity, but the experiment, authorized by Senator Wishart Robertson, the Speaker of the Senate, with the encouragement of the Governor General, was far from commanding universal enthusiasm.

The Senate, like the Commons, is in unfettered control of procedure in its own chamber and is exceedingly jealous of its authority. A substantial number of its members felt that before the Speaker sanctioned such an innovation, he should have invited the Senate as a body to discuss it and give or withhold approval. Indeed, it is understood that he had to digest a violent letter of protest against his action from one of his oldest colleagues.

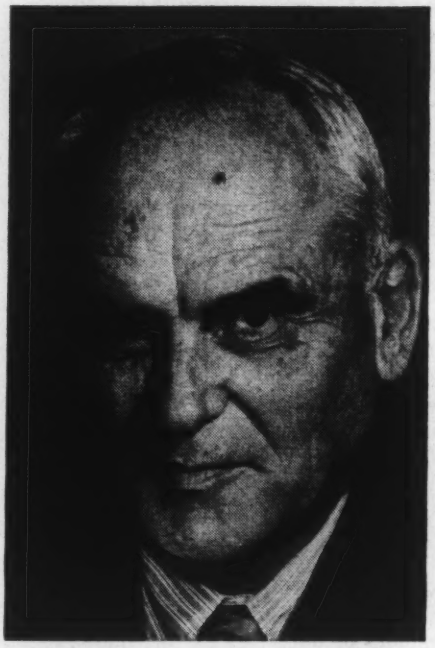
Ministers began the session in a quite cheerful mood. They anticipate little difficulty in securing passage for their comparatively modest program of legislation and, while they expect the usual spate of criticism of their policies or lack of them, they are quite confident of their ability to offer an effective defence. They discern in accepted indices, such as the increase of export trade in November, that the setback in the steady upward trend of Canadian prosperity, which was visible in the first half of 1954, has been checked. Mr. Howe, in his annual review of the state of our national economy, felt justified in offering a cautiously optimistic prognosis about its fortunes in 1955. Meanwhile, resisting pressure for direct financial contributions from the Federal Treasury for the relief of unemployment, Prime Minister St. Laurent contended that its volume was not yet placing an excessive strain upon the resources of the provincial and municipal authorities for coping with it. But the spokesmen of labor organizations maintain that the governmental data on employment are misleading, and the CCF can be relied upon to exploit this issue.

The Progressive Conservative party is still in search of a constructive policy which will appeal to the voters. So far it has refrained from espousing openly the cause of the higher tariffs for which many manufacturers are clamoring. However, George Hees, MP, the national chairman of the party, blithely disregarding a lecture by the *Ottawa Journal* that he should not prescribe policies for his party but adhere strictly to the role of organizer, gave in a recent speech at Orillia some indications of a line his party may adopt on economic policy.

Citing figures to show what a large proportion of our exports to the United States consisted of raw materials, Mr. Hees argued that under Liberal policies Canada, through the willingness of many of her producers to be mere purveyors of grist for the industrial mills of our wealthier neighbor, was missing a great opportunity for promoting the expansion of her own industrial structure by processing at home many of the materials now exported southward; he outlined certain quite sensible proposals for achieving the objective at which he aimed. But one trouble is that a large volume of our natural resources is now beyond recall under the control of powerful American interests, who would object strenuously to any attempt to dictate where their processing operations should be conducted. Scarcely a week passes that the acquisition of some of our dormant resources by American investors or the transference of some established Canadian enterprise to American control is not announced, and one of the latest moves of the first type has produced a sharp controversy between the St. Laurent Ministry and the Social Credit Ministry of British Columbia.

The Premier of British Columbia, Mr. Bennett, has lately concluded with the Henry J. Kaiser interests of the United States, an agreement under which the latter will build a $10 million dam on the Columbia River to generate power for its aluminium plants in Spokane. In making this deal, Mr. Bennett has obviously succumbed to the glittering lure of an annual rental of a million dollars for the site of the projected power development and an allocation without charge to his government of 18 per cent of the power produced by it. This project seems comparatively small, but its consummation would conflict seriously with much more ambitious plans, which the Federal Government favors, for the creation in southern British Columbia of a new industrial empire.

The Federal Government has drawn the attention of Mr. Bennett to a statute passed in 1907, called the Electricity and Fluid Exportation Act, which requires a Federal licence for export from Canada of power, water, oil or gas. Mr. Bennett contends that water flowing over an international boundary is not an "export" within the meaning of the Act and threatens to submit the issue to the interpretation of the courts. But he is no match for the resourceful Mr. Howe and the latter intends to arm himself with unchallengeable authority to veto the Kaiser deal by inducing (as he can easily do) Parliament to amend the Electricity and Fluid Exportation Act by a change which will specifically classify water flowing over an international boundary as an export.



C. D. HOWE: Cautious optimism.

The decision to permit the importation of substantial consignments of cheese from New Zealand in order to secure better terms of entry for certain Canadian products to that country will certainly expose Ministers to bitter charges by the parliamentary spokesmen of the dairy industry that they are hell-bent upon its ruin. Even before this latest form of competition was announced, the leaders of our dairy industry were indulging in loud lamentations about its depressed plight and clouded outlook. They were fulminating against concessions sought for the benefit of their *bête noir*, margarine, and they were outraged by suggestions that only the termination of governmental price support for butter could restore sound health to Canada's dairy industry. At present they are waiting anxiously to learn whether Mr. Gardiner, the Minister of Agriculture, has been able to persuade the Cabinet to continue the program of supporting the price of butter at a level of 58 cents per pound. It has resulted in the accumulation of abnormally large stocks of butter, for which no outlet is in sight, but now that the Federal support of the price of eggs has been renewed, similar treatment for butter can hardly be denied.

Television

Music, Maestro, Please!

By Hugh Garner

THROUGH THE MEDIUM of television's daddy, radio, the disk-jockey became a North-American phenomenon second only to the soap opera as an opiate for the listening masses. In his photographs he never looks as you expect him to look, and in conversation outside the studio he never talks the way he does on the air, but he often dresses in a uniform made up of wide-checked jacket, slacks, and the kind of necktie you never see in a haberdasher's until the week before Christmas. Up to the present he has not invaded the television screen to any great extent (except disguised as Arthur Godfrey, Robert Q. Lewis, or Steve Allen), and I, for one, want to go on record as being a little sorry that he hasn't.

There was something soothing about his Harold Teen joviality, his over-cultivated enunciation, and his gushing friendship with the greats and near-greats of the vocal and orchestral world. I miss his wild enthusiasm for such necessities of life as kitchen cleanser, loan companies, and porkless sausage. I am left bereft now that I seldom hear his wheedling command to "jot down this phone number right away", "visit your grocer's first thing in the morning", or listen to his easy familiarity with Bing, Dinah, Perry or Frankie. And, all kidding aside, I miss the records he played for me on radio.

Whatever his faults, the disk-jockey kept me up to date on the latest musical hits, and through him I heard records for free that would have cost me a fortune to buy. Besides, he was the only salesman whose pitch I could ignore while eating a meal, reading Arnold Toynbee, or taking an after-dinner snooze on the living-room sofa. Television has nothing like him, and as a consequence we are not singing as much as we used to, or if we are, we are singing the songs that were hits the week they took away the radio as a trade-in on the TV set.

If the networks are aware that TV is an audio as well as a visual medium of entertainment, their attempts to cater to the listener as well as the viewer have been uninspired, to say the least. The best they have been able to do is put on the odd musical extravaganza, in which the vocalists are forced to fight for an appearance or two between practitioners of "The Dawnce" and a funnyman's patter. As a sop to those of us who are not really nuts about either "Ramar of the Jungle" or "I Led Three Lives", the American networks have signed up a corporal's guard of male and female singers, surrounded them with symbolistic stage sets, backed them with a twenty-piece orchestra, and given them fifteen minutes apiece now and then in which to sing a couple of songs. These fifteen minute periods usually fill in the transition period between "Kukla, Fran and Ollie" and the family situation comedy of the evening, as the piano player in a silent movie theatre covered up while the projectionist changed the reels.

Bruno

SHIRLEY HARMER: Vocalist.

Among the fifteen-minute vocalists are some of the best in the business, and despite the large orchestra, an accompanying quartet, and the futuristic backdrops, they are quite effective when they stand up on their hind feet and give out with their songs. These short programs star Perry Como, Jo Stafford, Tony Martin, Dinah Shore, Eddie Fisher and Jane Froman, who all sing the hit tunes of the day and the well-worn but listenable standards of that halcyon period of the musical ballad, 1926 to 1936.

Popular vocalists are heard now and then on a few network shows, including "The Comedy Hour"; "Toast of the Town", which usually has a singer or two; the CBC's "Showtime", with Shirley Harmer; "Godfrey's Friends", when they can shut Godfrey up; "The Morning Show" with Jack Paar; and Steve Allen's late show, called "Tonight". "Your Hit Parade" at 10.30 on Saturday evening is in its umpteenth year on radio and television, and still manages to pack the first seven most popular tunes of the week, plus two "extras", into a half-hour show. There are a few other weekly shows that feature music of one kind or another, scattered between the chatter and clatter of detective dramas, panel shows, comedy hours, weather reports and news broadcasts, but there aren't enough of them for my money.

The powers-that-be behind the picture screen seem unable to present anything as uncomplicated as a popular song without dressing it up as a Broadway production. Maybe there's a spot here and there between the mayhem of the crime programs and the foolishness of the family "comedies" where a personable young guy with a turntable and a bunch of records could fit in. Television is still in its infancy, and experiments are the order of the day. They told Pat Weaver, president of NBC, that his early morning show, "Today", would be a failure, but look at it now. It would be wonderful now and then just to close our eyes and listen to music, without having to stare at the screen.

•

Lucerna Pedibus Meis

I saw it on a newsstand yesterday,
And its astounding title made me freeze
  Right in my tracks: the author, if you please,
In *How to be a Woman* would convey
Guidance lest any sister go astray
  In Dating, Petting, Sex, and Pregnancies;
  Then, Extra-Marital Love-Affairs, and these
Were followed by Divorce. I turned away,

Thinking, "Is this that half of humankind
  Which harped on the depravity of men?
Is it too Pharisaic to remind
Them men at least are moral now and then?"
—Well, I've decided one thing, anyhow:
I shan't be going to Copenhagen now.

GEOFFREY B. RIDDEHOUGH

Long Thoughts From Hospital

Old ills must bow now to miracle drugs that right 'em
Before you can say an antibiotic's a rather expensive item.
But these drugs cause other ills; though fortunately, to fight 'em,
We've still other miracle drugs—and so ad infinitum.

J. M. DUNSMORE

Books

Love Is Not a Potato

By Robertson Davies

OF THREE SUBSTANTIAL books about love have come my way, and they are interesting not only for what they have to say, but also because they demonstrate a method of making books which has become popular in our time. They are *Courting*, by E. S. Turner, *The Evolution of Love* by Donald Day, and *Sex, Sin and Sanctity* by John Langdon-Davies. All three are the product of some research; they quote passages from many other books to give weight to what they say. All three are written to produce an illusion of thinking in the minds of their readers, though they contain little original thought of their own. All three are the work of men who are old hands at the manufacture of books, and who bring varying degrees of professional skill to their work. Yet, having read them, I know no more about love than I knew before, and I have not been given one solitary new idea or one gleam of new light on that subject. These books are not trumpet-calls to the mind, but lullabies.

It is interesting to see in what different ways they cover the same ground. All three are agreed that love is a comparatively modern passion, if we take it to mean the strong affection of a man and a woman for each other. The Greeks and Romans did not love their wives; they respected them and treated them with kindness, but if they loved, their love was for boys, or for courtesans who charmed by their beauty and accomplishment on a high professional level. Classical homosexuality, by the way, was by no means the kind of thing for which people are occasionally imprisoned today; if you want to know more about it, Mr. Day is your best informant of these three. In the Dark Ages love, as an enduring thing, does not appear in any light which we would understand. The Renaissance brought the kind of love which is so widely admired today. All three of these writers lay stress on the neurotic opposition of the Christian Church to love, and the hard words which Catholic and Protestant divines have applied to it. The story of the three books is the same; it is the manner of telling it which is of interest here.

Mr. Turner tells it with a good deal of grace and wit. He confines himself to the many ways in which men and women have striven to make themselves attractive to each other, and of their attitude toward courting. People whose attitudes toward love have been formed by Hollywood may be surprised to discover for what a long period of human history marriage was a matter of business arrangement; money and family and land were more important than any question of affection; but it appears that a large number of marriages made on this footing were successful in that they brought contentment, and worldly advantage, and often a real measure of affection.

Those people, also, who think that there has never been such depravity as we enjoy today, and that the Kinsey Reports prove it, should read what Mr. Turner has to say about marriage in the 17th century. In country districts it was more often than not the case that a bride was pregnant at her wedding; common prudence dictated that the couple should find out whether their match would be fruitful before taking the irrevocable step. Indeed, the whole notion of virginity, except when preserved for a specific religious reason, seems to be a fairly modern one. Girls of the lower classes had no chance of keeping their virginity in the Middle Ages, and did not seem to be any the worse without it; nor were mediaeval husbands so wildly jealous as we are sometimes led to suppose. We must always bear in mind that the literate class which has given us the chronicles of the Middle Ages was a priestly class, and professionably shockable, so to speak. And indeed, literature about love in most ages has dwelt on the ideally desirable, rather than on the facts of daily experience; modern romances are still tales of what we would like to believe, rather than of what observation teaches us is so.

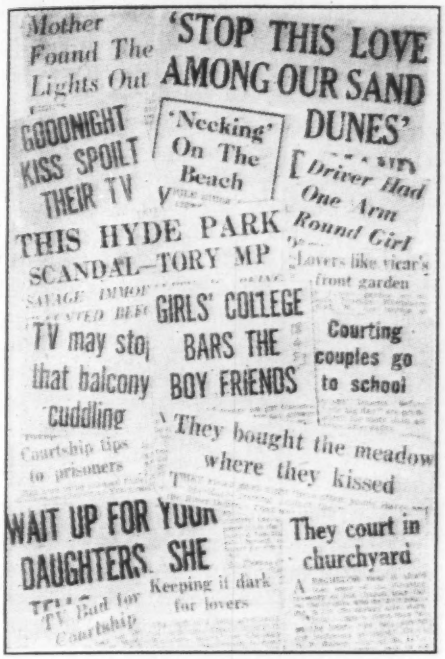
JACKET DESIGN

Mr. Turner deals with all of this very pleasantly, and does not attempt to draw any conclusions from it. His book is designed to entertain, and it does so.

Mr. Day's book is a bigger, thicker, more important-looking job altogether, but it is not so well written and its texture is spongey and soft. This passage will give you an idea of what to expect in *The Evolution of Love:* "Nevertheless, revolt was in the air. It had begun back in 1792 when Mary Wollstonecraft published her *Vindication of the Rights of Woman* and it had gained momentum ever since. The cause of women was indirectly helped by the social consciousness brought to the forefront in the novels of Charles Dickens. Gabriel Rossetti's escapism did some good. Samuel Butler in *The Way of All Flesh* and *Erewhon* battered wide breaches in the walls of prudery. Oscar Wilde, by his delightful satire, deflated many pompous notions." This is the kind of writing that should have been denied to Mr. Day when he took freshman English; it takes all the strength out of his book and leaves it as a mass of quotations, loosely stuck together with questionable generalities.

Yet, as I said, it is a fat and impressive book, and it will create an illusion of thought in the minds of people who like *The Reader's Digest;* Mr. Day served that magazine for seven years. Why he has taken 522 pages to say part of what Mr. Turner has said so much better in 282 must remain a mystery.

The most genuinely impressive of these three books is that by Mr. Langdon-Davies. He states his theme plainly, at the beginning of his book, thus: "The future success of Christianity in directing the sexual instinct depends on the acceptance of a dialectical, though not necessarily Marxist-Leninist, concept of human history. In this book I shall seek to show that Christianity was charged by human nature with solving three sexual problems, that it has succeeded reasonably well, that in all three cases the swing of the pendulum has now begun to change direction, and that the fate of Christianity and the nature of our new sexual ideology depend on this being recognized. If the Christian Churches can see what human nature must now achieve in the sexual domain, then Christianity will remain the dominant religion of western civilization; but if not, then the task will be handed over not to science, nor to rationalism, nor to some aseptic liaison between biology and psy-


Mother Found The Lights Out
'STOP THIS LOVE AMONG OUR SAND DUNES'
GOODNIGHT KISS SPOILT THEIR TV
'Necking' On The Beach
Driver Had One Arm Round Girl
THIS HYDE PARK SCANDAL—TORY MP
Lovers like vicar's front garden
GIRLS' COLLEGE BARS THE BOY FRIENDS
Courting couples go to school
TV may sto that balcony
cuddling
They bought the meadow where they kissed
WAIT UP FOR YOUR DAUGHTERS, SHE
They court in churchyard
Keeping it dark for lovers

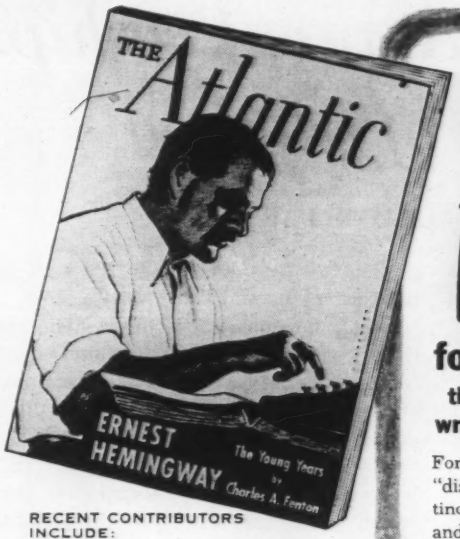
". . . and it still goes on."

chology, but to some rival religion, probably Communism."

This promises a most interesting book, and I plunged into it with great curiosity to see what the author would say. He said a great deal that was interesting, though not new, and he adduced a wide range of authorities and sources for his statements. He landed the usual body-blows on the Church Fathers, and the Puritan Fathers, and those sturdy villains of all sex books looked as foolish as usual, and as unmoved as usual. But in the end he came to some rather lame conclusions about the necessity for packing as much fun, and as much advantage, into a single marriage as possible, or alternately in taking fun in one kind of sexual contact, and propagation in another, and companionship in a third. I may do this writer an injustice, but I think he lost his way in his book; or it may be that he began it with strong convictions and found that they would not survive the close inspection which writing a book should involve. In that case, it would have been better to abandon the book, or to limit its scope, or to remove the statement of purpose which I have quoted. As it stands, his book is an interesting and occasionally brilliant botch; there is much in it of great interest, but it is not directed toward any clear end.

Reading about sex is rather like reading about music. A tune by a fiddler of modest talent, or a kiss from a homely girl, is vastly more illuminating than three volumes on Beethoven, or *The Life of Helen of Troy* illustrated with pop-ups. As the Russians used to say, Love is not a potato.

A HISTORY OF COURTING—by E. S. Turner—pp. 282 & index, illustrations—*Collins*—$3.50.
THE EVOLUTION OF LOVE—by Donald Day—pp. 522—*Longmans Green*—$7.00.
SEX, SIN AND SANCTITY—by John Langdon-Davies—pp. 358—*Doubleday*—$3.20.



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By order of the Board.

JOHN S. PROCTOR
General Manager.

Toronto, 8th December, 1954.

IMPERIAL

"The bank that service built"

Hemingway's Apprenticeship: Discovery of Method

By CHARLES A. FENTON: PART IV

DURING THE LATE SPRING and early summer of 1922, as additional financing for a summer of travel and creative work, Hemingway mailed four articles to Toronto on the casual basis of his original free lance understanding with the *Star*. In May, after a day's trout fishing along the Rhone Canal, near Aigle in Switzerland, he wrote an impressionistic, full-column story whose over-all effect was as powerful as anything he had yet done. The eight paragraphs—a little more than a thousand words—were in the diction and tone of similar passages in the short story he wrote in 1925, "Big Two-Hearted River", and in the novel he began that same year, *The Sun Also Rises*.

Lacking, naturally, the taut, frequently rewritten sheen of his fiction, the article was nevertheless visual and evocative. "In the afternoon," he began, "a breeze blows up the Rhone valley from Lake Geneva. Then you fish up-stream with the breeze at your back, the sun on the back of your neck, the tall white mountains on both sides of the green valley and the fly dropping very fine and far off on the surface and under the edges of the banks of the little stream . . . that is barely a yard wide, and flows swift and still."

The first phase of Hemingway's European feature work for the *Star Weekly*, begun in February, 1922, intensified in March, interrupted by the Genoa assignment in April, and resumed briefly in May and June, now sputtered to a momentary halt. He had virtually completed his apprenticeship. Journalism had completed the process of becoming a writer. Leisure, and solitary, rejected experimentation would now make him a fictionalist.

The months as a free-lance contributor and part-time foreign correspondent had permitted him and his wife to live in Europe. They had provided modest financing for a few months of serious writing, and, above all, they had provided an invaluable reservoir of observed and experienced material. The qualities that give stature and immediacy to Hemingway's early short stories of 1924 and 1925—selectivity, precision, uncompromising economy, deep emotional clarification—were never dominant in his journalism of this period. Each one of those characteristics was separately present in every article; sometimes there were paragraphs or entire sections which contained them all. The shaping of them into a single instrument that would dominate each piece of writing came only when he could concentrate without interruption on work he regarded as dignified and worthy.

Other newspapermen liked him personally and respected a talent they sometimes recognized even then as exceptional. "He was an erratic and obviously brilliant young man," according to Basil Woon, a Hearst correspondent in Paris in 1922 who saw a good deal of Hemingway both socially and, later that year, professionally. Many of them sensed that he was an alien in their world; that was part of what Woon meant by erratic. Trying to define the impression Hemingway made in 1922, Wilbur Forrest said many years later he would have prophesied a career as "an artist painter instead of a famous novelist". Forrest remembered with impersonal distaste that Hemingway "lived in the Paris Latin Quarter and was among artists, a hanger-on at the Dôme and Rotonde sidewalk cafés". Forrest thought of him as "some sort of genius in a garret".

Hemingway himself, of course—as his *Star Weekly* indictment of Paris bohemians demonstrated—had nothing but contempt for the kind of life Forrest automatically assigned him. Momentarily liberated from hack work, Hemingway began in the summer of 1922 to build in the little magazines and in the literary associations of Paris the foundations of his future.

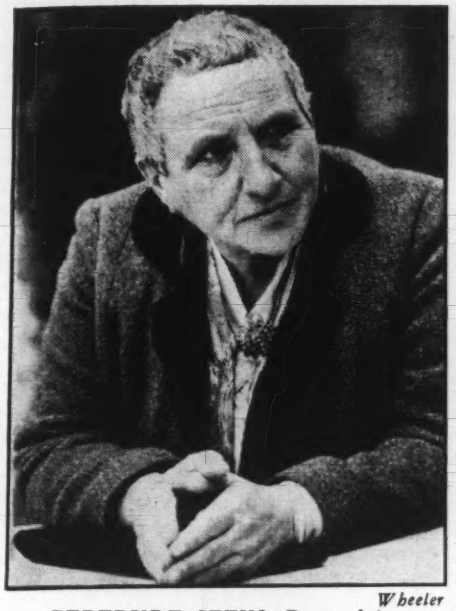
In terms of its actual contribution to the final body of his creative work, 1922 was not a productive year for Hemingway. Although he told Anderson in May that he had "been working like hell at writing," very little of the material of these months survived. Some of the verse he wrote was published the next year in *Poetry* and *The Little Review*, and he continued work on a novel which was never published. A large part of his time, however, was necessarily given to newspaper work, despite his anxiety to be free of it, and he spent many weeks travelling, in Spain, in Switzerland, in Italy, and in Germany.

It was in these terms that the year was of primary profit to him. He was able to write effectively about northern Michigan because in 1919 and 1920 he had both renewed old associations with it and simultaneously seen it from fresh perspectives. His mastery of the European material came from the same kind of saturation in the atmosphere at several stages in his personal and artistic development. Of the fifteen stories in *In Our Time*, five dealt specifically with expatriation; they were the fruit of his European encounters and observation in 1922, 1923, and 1924. This same intimacy with Europe would give authenticity of atmosphere to *The Sun Also Rises* and *A Farewell to Arms*.

From his expatriation there also emerged all the less tangible assets that come to a responsive young man exposed to the contrasts of a culture that is not his own but which illuminates the one he has

Star Newspaper Service

HEMINGWAY and a trophy of one of his African hunting expeditions.



Wheeler

GERTRUDE STEIN: Best advice.

temporarily abandoned. There was instruction to be absorbed not only from the newspaper work and from the countries and their people, but also from the literary associations that had been nonexistent or abortive in Toronto and Chicago. Anderson's letters of introduction provided the immediate entrée. Hemingway's charm and intensity extended the introductions into friendships.

"Gertrude Stein and me," Hemingway wrote to Anderson in March, 1922, three months after reaching Europe, "are just like brothers, and we see a lot of her." Miss Stein was equally pleased with Hemingway; she told Anderson that she and Alice Toklas were having "a good time" with the Hemingways and hoped "to see more of them". Hemingway had also met James Joyce and read part of *Ulysses*. Ezra Pound had become both literary sponsor among the little magazines and sparring partner at the gym. He sent six of Hemingway's poems to Scofield Thayer at the *Dial*, and "took" a story for *The Little Review*. Hemingway's greatest admiration, however, was for Anderson's good friend in the apartment at 27, rue de Fleurus. "We love Gertrude Stein," Hemingway scrawled in pencil at the end of the letter to Anderson.

Gertrude Stein herself recalled the appearance of Hemingway as "the first thing that happened" when she and Alice Toklas returned to Paris in 1922 from Saint-Rémy. She remembered him as "an extraordinarily good-looking young man". His eyes, she felt, writing ten years later, when their friendship had become sour and bitter, were passionately interested rather than interesting, and he "sat in front of Gertrude Stein and listened and looked". Soon he began to talk, and they talked a great deal together, and Hemingway invited her and Miss Toklas to the apartment he and his wife had taken near the place du Tertre. That night Miss

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Stein read everything he had written up to that point. She did more than read it; she "went over" it. She rather liked the poems, but found the unfinished novel wanting. "There is a great deal of description in this," she told Hemingway, "and not particularly good description. Begin over again and concentrate."

It was as good advice as he would ever get. His talent was substantial, as his newspaper work showed; like most young writers he was largely content to exercise and extend the talent. That writing could be a laborious and exacting process had not previously occurred to Hemingway. He had worked hard, it was true, precociously hard, during those compulsive months in Michigan in 1919 and in Chicago and Toronto during the following two years. He had withstood frustration and rejection, but the conception of writing as concentration, as heavy, aching effort, was essentially a new one.

The association between Hemingway and Miss Stein was foreshadowed, in a sense, even before they had either met or heard of one another. Hemingway's newspaper work had already indicated a characteristic which has remained basic to his temperament. He was always intensely interested in how to do a thing. He was absorbed by method. Thus he had written in Toronto in 1920 a detailed discussion of how to catch trout bait, how to fix the bait on the hook, how to then locate the trout themselves; he wrote articles in 1921 about how bootlegging operated and how American gunmen worked, and, in 1922, how to handle a Swiss *luge*. This was one of his primary attitudes toward experience. It was fundamental to his interest in war, politics, and sport.

The same zealous concern with method is explicit in Hemingway's reaction to bullfighting, big game hunting, and the subtleties of guerrilla war. Once he even wrote in *Esquire* a precise explication of how to drive an automobile in a heavy snow storm. This concern with method gave to his journalism, as it would to his fiction, a vast air of knowledgeability. The concern was thoroughly genuine. Originally encouraged by the cool lucidity of his father, it was extended by his own instinctive curiosity and enriched by the exacting scepticism of such tutors as Pete Wellington, Lionel Moise, and, later in 1922, William Bolitho, the South African journalist. In terms of his serious writing, the aspect of his life, after all, with which he was most deeply concerned, it was only natural that he should be looking for some orderly method.

He had found the beginnings of such a method in the style book in Kansas City, and in the counsel of the *Star's* editors. He was discovering other fluencies and effects through his feature stories for the *Star Weekly*. Sherwood Anderson, of course, offered no precise methodology.

What one got from him were thematic attitudes and an integrity of vision. Gertrude Stein, however, was immensely concerned with method, both in her own work and in what she was writing and saying about prose. Hemingway acknowledged his debt to her technique very specifically in 1923. "Her method," he told Edmund Wilson, "is invaluable for analyzing anything or making notes on a person or a place." The method itself, or at least that part of it to which Hemingway responded between 1922 and 1924, the period of Miss Stein's greatest personal importance to him, revolved principally around the arrangement and exploitation of specific kinds of words to represent and emphasize a desired effect.

Hemingway was back in Paris from an Alsace interview with Clemenceau by September 24, 1922, in time to attend the murderous fight at the new Mont Rouge arena between Siki and Carpentier. John Bone, however, permitted him little time to enjoy a Paris autumn. A day or two after the fight the managing editor cabled Hemingway to go to Constantinople for the *Daily Star*. A Greek army had been routed by the Turks; Smyrna had been burned. Lloyd George was calling upon the Dominions to support England's deeply involved position. There was, above all, a terrible fear that the situation might at any moment produce another world war.

Hemingway was understandably delighted. The assignment was wholly different from Bone's last commission, in March, which had postponed his creative work and sent him to Genoa. He was enough of a newspaperman to be deeply curious about the dramatic struggle, raising as it did the age-old menace of Turkey invading Europe. He was literate and imaginative; his mind responded to the obvious memories of other Greek armies and other Eastern expeditions.

The Asia Minor assignment gave Hemingway's understanding of war a depth impossible on the basis of his Italian experience alone. His education was extended by another lesson in geopolitical realities. The area of his physical background had been enlarged; a Balkan campaign had given him a wider base for the worldliness by which he illuminated so much of his early work. Few young men of twenty-three could draw on a Near East experience. Hemingway drew on it heavily. Of the sixteen brief inter-chapters in *In Our Time*, in 1925, three of the most forceful came from the Asia Minor assignment.

In 1930, when he was preparing a new edition of the short story collection, he included a prelude which he later entitled, "On the Quai at Smyrna". The appalling cruelty toward their animals, by Greeks and Turks, had an almost traumatic effect on Hemingway. He used it not only in the 1930 sketch but also in "The Snows

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of Kilimanjaro" and—twice—in *Death in the Afternoon.*

Back in Paris in November, he was ordered to Lausanne, for the international conference there.

The first of Hemingway's Lausanne dispatches was published in Toronto on January 27, 1923. An interview with Mussolini was almost exactly two thousand words long. It appeared on the centre of page eleven, its three columns fanned beneath four banks of headlines and around a good-sized photograph of the Italian politician. Before he dealt with Mussolini, however, Hemingway summed up his memories of the conference. His exposition was subjective and lively. He used analogies from his own past as well as from literature and history.

"In the Chateau de Ouchy," he began, "which is so ugly that it makes the Odd Fellows' Hall of Petoskey, Michigan look like the Parthenon, are held the sessions of the Lausanne Conference."

Hemingway's sketch of Mussolini went beyond mere instinctive distaste. It was extremely hostile. He documented his hostility both by anecdote and by amateur psychoanalysis; he declared himself immediately. "Mussolini," Hemingway wrote, "is the biggest bluff in Europe." He varied his attack with a crescendo of fact, ridicule, and psychological abuse. "Get hold of a good photograph of Signor Mussolini

Miller

MUSSOLINI: Something wrong.

some time," he urged, "and study it."

"You will see the weakness in his mouth which forces him to scowl the famous Mussolini scowl that is imitated by every 19 year old Fascisto in Italy. Study his past record. . . . . Study his genius for clothing small ideas in big words. Study his propensity for duelling. Really brave men do not have to fight duels, and many cowards duel constantly to make themselves believe they are brave. And then look at his black shirt and his white spats. There is something wrong, even histrionically, with a man who wears white spats with a black shirt."

Hemingway's assignments from John Bone became progressively more desirable throughout his tenure as the *Star's* staff correspondent in Europe. Now, in April, 1923, he received a particularly important one. His series of articles on the French occupation of the Ruhr was the most elaborate single undertaking of the long apprenticeship which began in Oak Park, in 1916, and ended in Toronto on December 31, 1923. In the scope he gave to it the Ruhr series compared very creditably with his newspaper work as a mature writer in Spain in 1937, in the Orient in 1941, and in England and France in 1944.

Hemingway made of the Ruhr assignment a sound piece of political reporting. He went beyond Bone's conception of him as a clever feature writer whose special forte was vivid impressionism and sceptical exposure. The series was tangible evidence of his personal growth and of his responsive debt to such disparate influences as Gertrude Stein and William Bolitho.

The managing editor, indeed, took advantage of his pre-publication reading of the first three articles to insert some publicity in the *Star Weekly* about the forthcoming *Daily Star* series. On the same day the first dispatch was printed there appeared in the weekend supplement a full column called "Something About Ernest M. Hemingway, Who Is Taking the Lid Off Europe".

The material profit from the German series would now enable Hemingway to write more fiction than had been previously possible. A month generally elapsed between the time when the young American filed an expense account and the moment when the *Star's* cheque arrived in Paris. By the middle of June, 1923, therefore, Hemingway was sufficiently secure so that he did no further journalism that summer. He went from Germany directly back to the Dolomites, where he had left his wife, and they returned together to Paris. Hemingway spent the next ten weeks on his own work. The writing which he resumed and completed during June and July of 1923, particularly the second project he undertook, was wholly natural in the light of what he had occasionally experimented with in the German dispatches. While he was correcting the proofs of *Three Stories & Ten Poems*, he prepared for publication the vignettes of *In our time.*

This is the fourth of five excerpts from "The Apprenticeship of Ernest Hemingway", Copyright 1954 *by Charles A. Fenton. Farrar, Straus and Young, Inc., publishers. Distributed in Canada by Ambassador Books Ltd. The last instalment will appear in next week's issue.*

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THE ROYAL BANK OF CANADA

Condensed Annual Statement

30th November, 1954

ASSETS

Cash on hand and due from banks (including items in transit)	$ 467,429,065
Government of Canada and provincial government securities, not exceeding market value	969,888,546
Municipal and other securities, not exceeding market value	288,188,034
Call loans, fully secured	156,395,203
Total quick assets	$1,881,900,848
Other loans and discounts	1,031,626,844
Mortgages and hypothecs insured under the N.H.A. (1954)	22,672,390
Bank premises	24,194,181
Liabilities of customers under acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	59,349,565
Other assets	7,152,016
	$3,026,895,844

LIABILITIES

Deposits	$2,797,548,149
Acceptances, guarantees and letters of credit	59,349,565
Other liabilities	23,064,466
Total liabilities to the public	$2,879,962,180
Capital paid up	41,809,863
Rest account	103,619,726
Undivided profits	1,504,075
	$3,026,895,844

STATEMENT OF UNDIVIDED PROFITS

Profits for the year ended 30th November, 1954, after making appropriations to Inner Reserves, out of which full provision for bad and doubtful debts has been made		$20,913,511
Provision for depreciation of bank premises		2,079,466
		$18,834,045
Provision for income taxes on above profits		9,276,000
		$ 9,558,045
Dividends at the rate of $1.42 ½ per share	$5,151,634	
Extra distribution at the rate of 10 cents per share	417,711	$ 5,569,345
		$ 3,988,700
Transferred from Inner Reserves after provision for income taxes exigible		16,000,000
		$19,988,700
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1953		1,515,375
		$21,504,075
Transferred to Rest Account		20,000,000
Balance of undivided profits, 30th November, 1954		$ 1,504,075

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Chairman and President

T. H. ATKINSON,
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DIVIDEND NOTICE

At a meeting of the Board of Directors held today a final dividend of seventy-five cents per share on the Ordinary Capital Stock was declared in respect of the year 1954, payable in Canadian funds on February 28, 1955, to shareholders of record at 3.30 p.m., on December 30, 1954.

By Order of the Board.

FREDERICK BRAMLEY,
Secretary.

Montreal, December 13, 1954.

Chess Problem

By "Centaur"

ALAIN WHITE'S volume *Valves and Bi-Valves*, 1930, was produced in collaboration with George Hume of Nottingham. Valve play occurs when a black piece opens one line of force of another black piece, and simultaneously closes another line of the same stationary piece. When the lines affected radiate from two black pieces, we venture on an obvious pun and speak of a Bi-Valve, as Mr. White observes.

The defunct *Chess Amateur* held an important two-move Valve composing tourney in 1929. The best appeared in White's book.

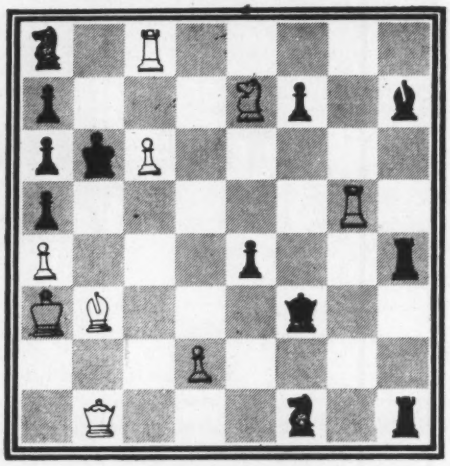
SOLUTION OF PROBLEM NO. 98.

Key-move 1.R-K1, threatening 2.Q-K4 mate. If KxKt, Kt-B3 or Q-K2; 2.Kt-B4 mate. If RxKt; 2.R-K5 mate. If Kt-Q3 or Q-KB4; 2.KtxR mate. If B-R2; 2.Q-K6 mate. If Q-B5ch; 2.KtxQ mate.

A well-constructed two-mover, owing to the fine white economy. The sacrificial key is excellent. The black R nicely defeats two tries by 1.BxP and 1.Kt-Kt6ch.

PROBLEM NO. 99, by E. J. Umnoff.

Black—Twelve Pieces.



White—Nine Pieces.

White mates in two.

• •

Get This Straight!

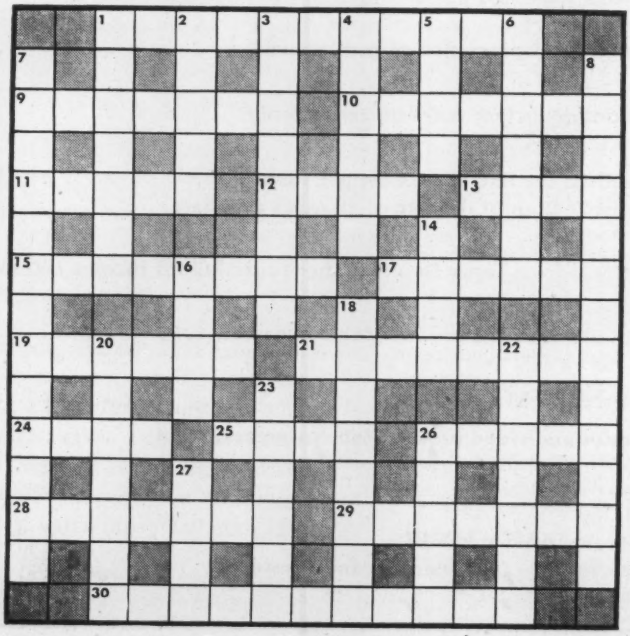
By Louis and Dorothy Crerar

ACROSS

1. What the convalescent is glad to be getting. (2,3,6)
9. One of the 1 D's gone soft inside. (7)
10. A bumper meet? (7)
11. It always opens the meeting. (5)
12. The confessor does it up. (4)
13. Where the fare is billed. (4)
15. None for the wicked? Not even as much! (8)
17. Being so lively bears a hazard. (6)
19. Inspire to live. (6)
21. Nail I got broken engraving designs on 24, perhaps. (8)
24. Germans ran away and left them. (4)
25. Zeus was her swa(i)n. (4)
26. Principle, though reversed, remains unchanged. (5)
28. Red rose screen. (7)
29. "Know ye the land where the cypress and myrtle Are . . . of deeds that are done in their clime." (Byron) (7)
30. His seasonable song is wordless. (11)

DOWN

1. They take great interest in (and from) you. (7)
2. Copious maple. (5)
3. Sleepy guest at a mad tea-party. (8)
4. One might leave French literature in care of him. (6)
5. Looks out of place in an 8. (4)
6. Kind of license for golf clubs? (7)
7. Dropping a hint, are they on hand in the dairy? (6,7)
8. To win it one must naturally be in first class shape. (6,7)
14. Sung in the Black Maria? But not "The Prisoner's Song". (4)
16. Tennyson's blooming maid of Astolat. (4)
18. Skulkers on foot. (8)
20. Dull existence aggravating to the unmusical, no doubt. (7)
22. It may cast light on the Chinese situation. (7)
23. TNT is, in comparison with 26 A. (6)
26. A boot? Don't mention it! (5)
27. O the noise the god can make! (4)



Solution to Last Week's Puzzle

ACROSS

1, 24. Marilyn Bell
5. Vietnam 9. Nabob
10, 4. War news
11. Libel
12. See 24 down
14. Apples 17. Bill
18. See 23 and 32
19. Eases
21. See 24 down
23, 18. Seaway
24. See 1 across
26. See 16
28. Winner 31. Weald
32, 18. Subway
33. Ibsen
35. Yearned 36. Enhance

DOWN

1, 25. Mendes-France
2. Rob 6. Eclipse
3. Liberal 7. Nobel
4. See 10 8. Molests
5. Very 13. Priam
15. Swiss
16, 26. Dylan Thomas
20. Salon
21. Gateway 22. Stand-in
24, 12, 21 across. British Empire Games
25. See 1 down
27. Omaha
29. Used 30. Oboe
34. Sun

(347)

Business

Motor Car Sales for 1955: Key to Consumer Buying

By W. P. SNEAD

HOW BIG will the 1955 car market be? The sales figures totted up by the dealers will be closely watched because automobile sales are not only a first-rate indicator of our economic health, but a key to the attitudes consumers will take towards buying everything this year.

What promises to be the biggest competitive battle for the car buyer's dollar is already under way.

So far, the '55 models are off to a fast start. The new cars have been launched with more fanfare than any new models in history. Four-color ads in magazines, lavish television shows, spectacular preview motor shows have all been used, and with success, to stir the public's interest.

The manufacturers have knocked themselves out to put style appeal as well as horsepower into their cars. The appeal to the eye of the lady of the house, who has a big word to say in what style and make will be bought, has been stepped up.

According to reports from the United States (the last Canadian figures available are last September's), the sales picture is bright. For the first part of December, General Motors reported sales of its products more than double their December, 1953 rate. Ford is straining hard to win the auto sales race with Chevrolet for the top sales figure of 1954 and Chrysler is providing effective competition, with orders on hand for half a million cars.

Factories in the United States are straining to step up production and December's output was scheduled at a 7.6 million unit annual rate. Dealers and manufacturers are reported jubilant over the buying spree; but how much of this is calculated enthusiasm is anyone's guess until the sales figures for the next few months are in.

The 1955 market for automobiles promises to be drastically different from anything seen in the post-war era. The post-war demand for transportation, which saw dealers able to sell anything on the showroom floor, has given way to what will mainly be a replacement market.

Just about everyone who has wanted a car, and been able to pay for it, has one —as today's clogged streets and jammed traffic give ample evidence. Yet, the traffic itself is increasing the demand for automobiles. The suburban dweller, faced with higher public transit costs and worsening service, is being forced to use his car to get to work.

Still, the dealers face no easy job in persuading people that 1955 is the year to buy. Several surveys, including G. P. Hitchings of the Ford Motor Company, expect a total U.S. car market of about 5.3 million cars, lower than the 5.9 million sold in 1953 but about equal with the 1949-51 average. While the percentage of ownership is still lower in Canada than in the United States, ownership per household, as of last September, reached a new peak. Ontario households topped the list with 68 per cent and the Western provinces followed with: Saskatchewan, 65 per cent; Alberta, 61 per cent; British Columbia, 60 per cent; and Manitoba, 56 per cent. The accompanying charts show this trend and also that the rate of advance has slowed considerably.

Has the new car buyer of today acquired different habits than he had in pre-war days? Then, the principle of "trade every second year" was the guiding factor when depreciation and pending repairs made it advantageous to trade in his old car. If this pre-war pattern of buying returns, it should have a considerable effect upon the general sales volume.

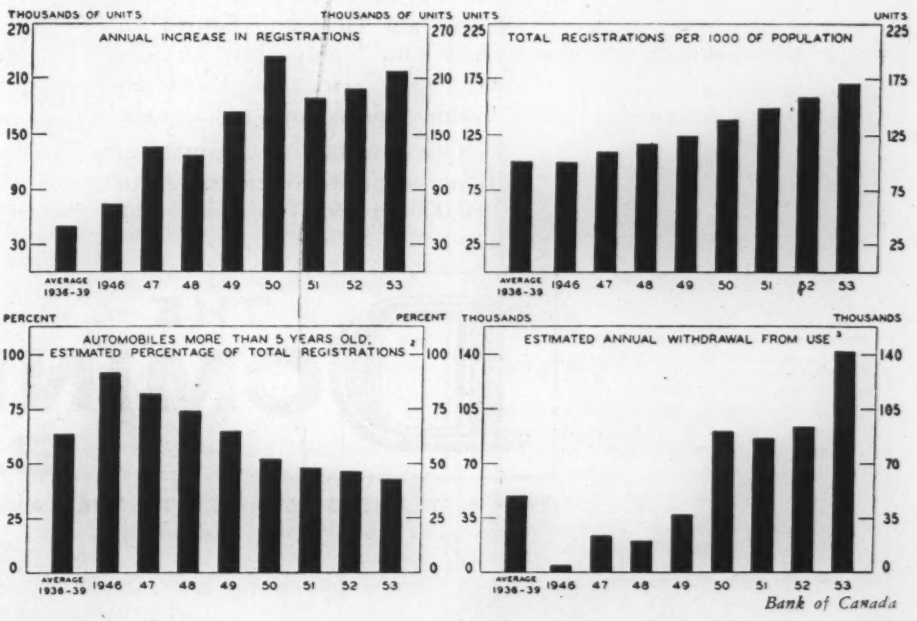
The quality of his car and the service the owner has received from the dealer often outweigh styling and mechanical improvements in the buyer's decision. Some trade sources insist that fully 50 per cent of all car and truck sales that are repeat sales hinge upon the service factor.

The final gauge, of course, is price and here is where the prospects for the 1955s begin to get rough.

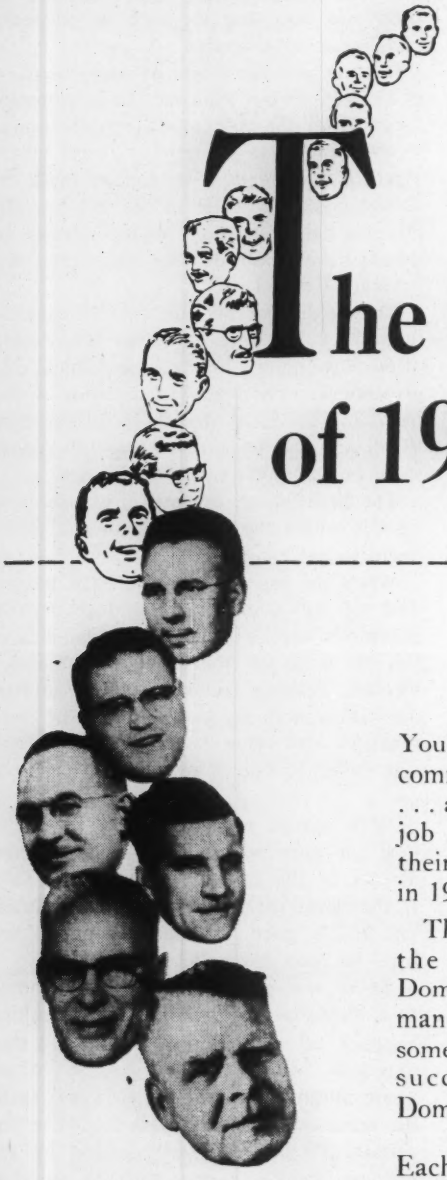
When the buyer's market began in August of 1953 and caught dealers with enormous stocks on their hands, it also left its scars on the used car markets. Dealers, fighting for sales, gave fantastic over-allowances on trade-ins and, in combination with other factors, made it actually easier to buy a new car than a used one.

With almost everyone likely to buy a new car possessing a trade-in, the dealer arrives at the critical point of the sale. If the dealer over-allows he loses money, and if his price for the used car is too low, he loses the sale.

There was a classic remark, attributed to a hard-driving executive, that "nothing happens till something is sold" and that quotation will now become an axiom along automobile row. Still, the salesman has some real bait to dangle this year, for certainly buyers will be tempted by the fanciest, flashiest, super-powered automobiles in the whole history of the motor car industry.



Bank of Canada



The 1954 success story of 193 businessmen

YOU may know one of the 193 businessmen we're referring to.

You'll find them hard at work in communities right across Canada . . . all doing the same important job . . . and all pretty proud of their business accomplishments in 1954.

They're the men who manage the 193 branches of the Dominion Bank. As a businessman, you will be interested in some highlights of their 1954 success story, told in The Dominion Bank's Annual Report.

* * *

Each of these managers credits the Bank's 1954 success to *service* —the only "product" they deal in. And they can point to some important facts and figures, to show how highly their services are appreciated by Canadian business firms and individuals.

The number of Dominion Bank depositors increased to 480,000 in 1954 . . . and the value of their deposits rose by $31 millions to a new high of $509 millions. Nearly 50,000 individual business and personal loans, amounting to $271 millions, were outstanding as of October 31.

These impressive figures are reflected in an increase of $31 millions in the Bank's total assets to an all-time record of $538 millions—and in peak profits.

During 1954, The Dominion Bank opened 10 new branches . . . increased its personnel to 2,832 employees . . . added $504,000 to its investment in bank premises, bringing the total to $8,620,000.

* * *

These representative highlights from the 1954 Annual Report of The Dominion Bank show why our 193 managers call it a *successful* year.

THE DOMINION BANK

OVER 80 YEARS OF SERVICE TO THE CANADIAN PEOPLE

Who's Who in Business

Affection and Attachments

By John Irwin

SAMUEL JACOB ZACKS is a man of wide interests and deep attachments both in Canada and Israel. He dearly loves Canada where he was born and educated and where, helping to develop the northland, he became a wealthy financier and industrialist; he has, too, an abiding affection for the young State of Israel.

Of medium height, with a substantial figure, he has an alertness and zest for work which is almost staggering. He drives himself hard; an 18-hour-day, seven days a week, is not uncommon. He is prepared to make any sacrifice in order that the project in hand may succeed and he never compromises with principles.

Ashley & Crippen

SAMUEL J. ZACKS

Born at Kingston, Ont., in 1904, he graduated with a BA from Queen's University ("for which I retain the greatest affection") in 1924, winning the Lockheed Scholarship and a fellowship in economics. He attended Harvard Graduate School and intended to follow an academic career. Instead of accepting an appointment with the University of Virginia; he returned to Toronto and took a job with the *Financial Post* writing a foreign exchange column. A few years later he went into the brokerage businesss.

In 1936 he became greatly interested in the north country and in the ensuing 12 years helped to bring into production several gold mines, including some that established the rich Red Lake mining area. "I had the good fortune to bring in six winners." He was also in an early syndicate that held the important iron concessions in Labrador in which billions of dollars have now been invested. He is president of several industrial companies throughout Canada and "finds it fascinating to watch a run-down company come up".

He is an active and ardent worker for Jewish communal work. In 1938 he helped to found the United Jewish Welfare fund. He served on the Canadian National Refugee Executive, which re-established refugees of all denominations in Canada. He was National President of the Zionist Organization in Canada from 1943 to 1949 and headed drives to send many million dollars' worth of goods and materials to Israel.

He is a member of the board of overseers of the Jewish Theological Seminary and vice-president of the Canadian Friends of the Hebrew University. He is one of the founders and vice-president of the Weizman Institute of Science, a leading research organization, at Rehovoth, Israel. The department of mathematics at the Institute has been established in Mr. Zacks's name. He has investments in Israel, and is a director of the Palestine Economic Corporation of Canada.

He met his wife, Ayala Flegg Ben-Tovim, of Jerusalem and Paris, in London in 1945 and they were married when she came to Canada in 1946 on a lecture tour. Mrs. Zacks is a talented and gallant woman. During the war she served with distinction with the Free French Forces and was awarded the Croix de Guerre and other decorations. They have a tastefully furnished house in Toronto, and a pied-à-terre "next door to the former premier, Ben Gurion", in Tel Aviv.

They are great lovers of the arts and have one of the finest collections of modern contemporary paintings in North America. Over 100 of them—pencil and crayon drawings, water colors and oils—are by French artists such as Renoir, Braque, Dufy, Chagall, Matisse, Rouault, Leger, Derain, Picasso, Modigliani and Bonnard. A particularly inspiring painting is "The Yellow Violin" by Dufy. "It is our intention," Mr. Zacks says, "to present our collection to a museum."

He travels a lot. "I spend much time in aeroplanes where I can work and read."

He is as fascinated by the challenge of the setting up of a secure democratic state in Israel as by the opening of our own north country.

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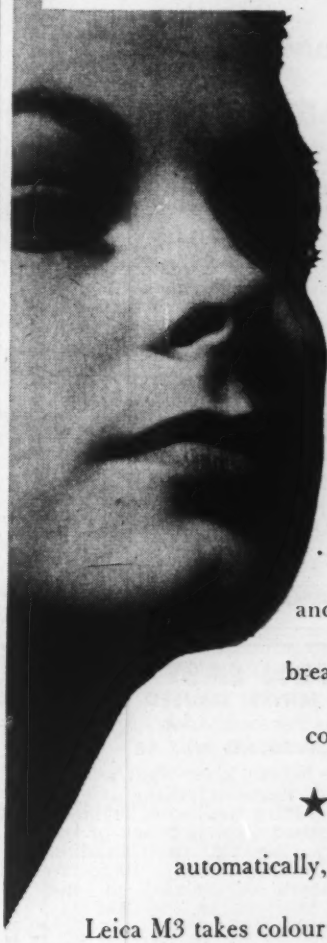

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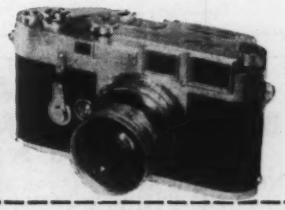

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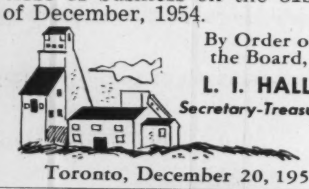

By Order of the Board,
L. I. HALL,
Secretary-Treasurer

Toronto, December 20, 1954.

THE CANADIAN BANK OF COMMERCE
DIVIDEND NO. 272

NOTICE is hereby given that a DIVIDEND OF THIRTY CENTS per share on the paid-up Capital Stock of this Bank has been declared for the quarter ending 31st January, 1955, and that the same will be payable at the Bank and its Branches on and after Tuesday the First day of February, 1955, to Shareholders of record at the close of business on 31st December 1954.

The Transfer Books will not be closed.

By Order of the Board,
N. J. McKinnon,
General Manager.

Toronto, 17th December, 1954.

Gold & Dross

By W. P. Snead

Dominion Magnesium

WOULD YOU CONSIDER *the purchase of the common shares of Dominion Magnesium at 13 advisable as an investment for possible income over the next few years? I am thinking of probable increased industrial use—the reports from the U.S.A. indicate greatly augmented production there.—A. G. Y., Halifax.*

At the present price of 13, this stock is approximately half way in the narrow trading range of 11½ and 15¼ it has moved in for the past year. For those wishing to take a "long pull" position, it appears to be reasonably priced with prospects that an increase over the 1954 dividend of 50 cents will be forthcoming.

The company is producing magnesium, calcium, titanium and other metals such as zirconium, barium and strontium.

Magnesium, which was hailed as a "wonder metal" during the war, has had a difficult time in being widely accepted in the industrial field. The Dow Chemical Company, the principal producer in the United States, has devoted much effort to developing new markets for the metal and to improving facilities for mass production to provide larger sizes of sheets and plates. While much of the metal is channelled into defense work, especially the manufacture of aircraft, as it is 50 per cent lighter than aluminum, the market should continue to expand.

The calcium produced by the company is used in the reduction of uranium to a pure metal and demand for this should expand steadily as atomic work progresses.

Titanium is still a problem child of the metallurgists and a vast amount of research is being conducted all over the world to develop a low-cost production process for this metal. Should this company's process, now in the pilot plant stage, prove successful, the effects on the company's growth would be dramatic.

In this age of alloys, the possibilities in this company for growth through research are absolutely undefinable. Gauging by the success it has had, it is a plus factor of considerable magnitude.

The balance sheets of the past few years reflect how rapidly the company's operations have grown. Net operating profits, which stood at $205,516 in 1950 increased to $2,173,220 at the end of 1953 and from a deficit of $85,849 in 1950, net profits increased to $886,296 or $2.15 a share.

Meanwhile, the debt position has been reduced considerably and it appears that the next annual report will show a similar improvement when it appears next March.

The balance sheet performance, while good, must be considered secondary to the possibilities for dynamic expansion and, all factors considered, the stock appears to be an excellent subject for accumulation on price recessions.

Steep Rock

A FEW MONTHS *ago you were none too hopeful of the market prospects of Steep Rock Iron Mines. Then, it was trading at $6.75 and now I see the price has firmed somewhat to $7.30. As I paid more than $8.00 for my shares, I am hoping I will be able to sell at a bit of a profit. What are my chances?—A. D., Toronto.*

To give you a picture of the market action of this stock over the past two years, the accompanying chart, which shows the monthly high, low, close, has been prepared. It will be seen from it that the price has moved in a consistent pattern.

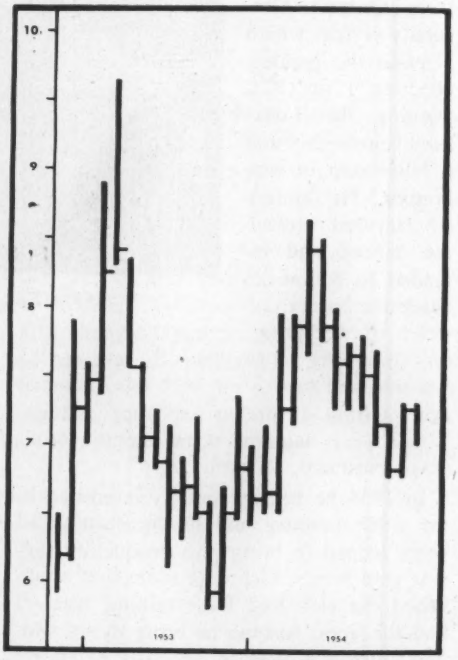

Chart by N. A. de Munnik

From the 1953 high of $9.75, set in April, the price moved steadily downwards until in October it reached a low of $5.80. A recovery then got underway and, in a series of steps, took the price back to an April high in 1954 of $8.65. From there until October, the pattern was consistently down until the recent low

of $6.75 was reached.

The present recovery, which at the time of writing has reached $7.65, is apparently being caused by the revival of hopes for expanded steel operations next year.

On present indications there does not appear to be great grounds for optimism regarding an expansion in steel production. Much of the present upswing in the demand for steel is due to the production drive by the auto makers who, facing difficult labor contract negotiations in April and possibly strikes, are endeavoring to produce as many cars as possible for inventory.

Bradford B. Smith, the Economist of the United States Steel Corporation, estimated recently that the average percentage of capacity in 1954 would be close to 71 and that it appeared likely to be about the same in the coming year, or possibly 6 percentage points higher. On this assumption, it appears that shipments for Steep Rock will closely parallel 1954 operations.

Viewed from this angle, the high points shown on the chart look rather formidable and it would seem reasonable to expect that selling orders will be rather heavy should this recovery extend to around the $8.25 level.

On the "down side", an extension of the long down-trend from the April high through $6.75 would warrant the expectation that a test of the $5.85 low is still possible. At that point, the long-range prospects would place the stock in a buying range.

Multi-Minerals

MULTI-MINERALS *Limited has been recommended to me as a good growth situation. What is your opinion of this stock?—R. R. M., Norwich, Ont.*

This company holds a 3,200-acre property near Nemegos, Ontario, where drilling results indicate a large body of columbium pentoxide has been located. It has been estimated that some 20 million tons, averaging $13.46 per ton, are available in a geological structure that would permit open pit mining.

The method of extracting columbium, which is used principally as the stabilizing agent in stainless steel alloys, has been tried on a laboratory scale only. It remains to be proven whether this method can be applied to a large-scale commercial operation.

At this stage of the development, with figures on proposed rates of production and costs unavailable, an exact appraisal of its future possibilities is impossible. Certainly, it is much too soon to assess the company as a growth situation.

Much of the recent activity in the stock can be attributed to the efforts of those who have underwritten blocks of the stock

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to market them. The latest reports show that option agreements with Sudbury Northrim and Sudbury Midzone, amounting to 1,400,000 shares at prices ranging from $1.45 to $3.00 a share, are outstanding. If these are taken up, an advance in the price of the stock can be expected to facilitate the distribution of these shares.

To judge by the chart pattern, the long decline from $3.75 appears to have met support above the $1.45 option level. Since the sharp drop to $1.50 last November, the price changes have been confined to a narrow pattern between $1.50 and $1.75.

The direction the stock takes out of this pattern will be the best clue to developments on the property and on the market. On an advance through $1.80, a recovery to about $2.50 seems possible. Conversely, a break through $1.45 might extend to $1.00 or lower and presage a revision or cancelling of the underwriting agreements.

Sand River

I HOLD *some Sand River Gold Mining Company shares that long ago I considered a total loss. Do you think a sale is indicated or should it be held since it is showing some activity lately?—S. F. S., Niagara Falls, Ontario.*

Sand River lay dormant for a good many years, with market quotations ranging between 2½ and 7 cents from 1949 until the company was reorganized in June of 1953. Then the capitalization was increased from 3 to 6 million shares and an underwriting was arranged to provide funds for an exploration program.

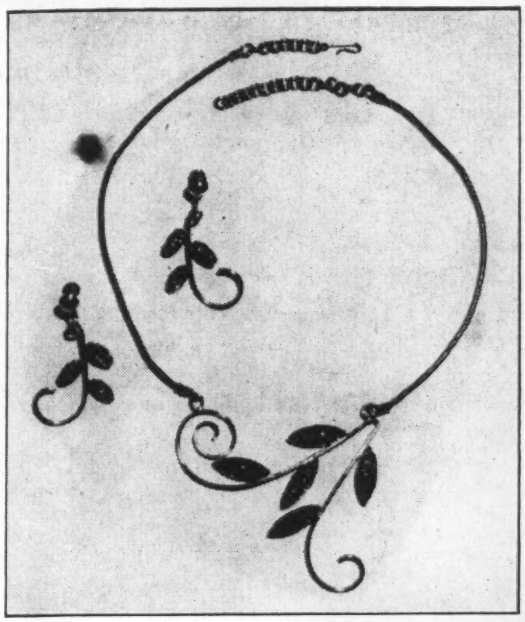
In August, a group of 23 claims was purchased in the Blind River area and late in the Spring of 1954 a drilling program was started. Last July it was reported that 36 claims had been acquired south of Manitouwadge and exploration was scheduled on them for last Summer.

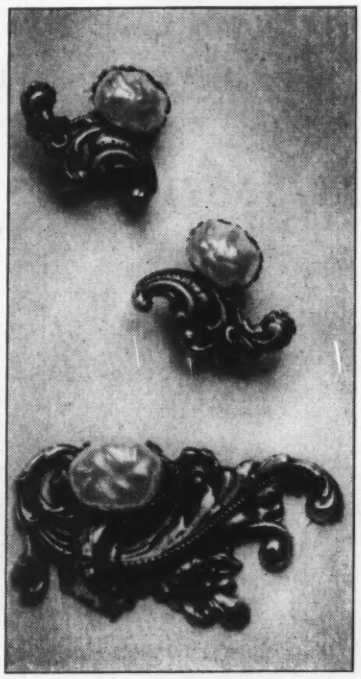
Although these properties held location-bet possibilities, no trading interest in the stock was evident until an underwriting and option agreement was made in November, providing for 200,000 shares to be purchased at 15 cents. Options on blocks of 200,000 shares at 17½, 20, 25 and 30 cents appeared, along with the announcement that a block of 24 claims had been taken adjoining the Teck-Hughes copper discovery in the Tashota district.

With this news, the stock was propelled upwards to a high of 32 cents and, at the present time, is trading in a range between 22 and 26 cents.

Until some drilling results appear, the Tashota claims must be considered a blind location bet. The appearance of a further underwriting agreement would indicate that some property news was in sight and at the present time it would seem worthwhile holding in anticipation of further market action.

women





THE ARTISTRY *of costume jewellery has received a fillip from new Canadian designers. One of these is Charles Vlach, a three-year Torontonian from Czechoslovakia, now with his own studio and five employees. Here are two Karel Craft sets. The necklace (about $6) and earrings (about $2.50) are gold-plated and hand set with "Karel stones", made in pigmented colors by a secret process. The pin and earrings (each, about $2) are oxidized antique silver with a baroque pearl. Obtainable at Birks stores and Montreal Simpson's.*

Photos: Ashley & Crippen

Conversation Pieces:

THIS IS TWEED YEAR in fashion circles. As it happens, however, tweeds, especially British tweeds, have a special aura of their own which has nothing to do with fashions or seasons.

We once set out to interview a visiting star, and since it was a rainy day, we wore our third-best outfit, a rayon and cotton mixture, American-made, with a spurious shag surface. "Ah, those lovely Canadian tweeds," the star cried at sight of us. She herself was wearing a clinging cocktail frock in hunter's green, and it was only later that we thought up the appropriate international reply: "Ah, those wonderful American Enkas!"

This year the designers are taking advantage of the prestige that tweeds have always enjoyed, and are turning out an unprecedented number of garments fashioned not only from Scotch and English tweeds but from simulated tweed fabrics (jersey, viscose and nylon), which have never been closer to the Clyde than New Jersey. You can now supplement your real tweed suit or topcoat, collared in simulated tweed fur, with a simulated tweed cocktail frock worn with real diamonds.

SENATOR NANCY HODGES is disturbed at the lack of civic conscience displayed at elections. It shows, she points out, an alarming lack of political interest when only 35 to 40 per cent of the electorate bothers to vote.
The Senator did not suggest, however, that non-voters should be penalized with a fine. She feels that community spirit should operate voluntarily, and this is a point of view with which we are glad to agree. The voter who fails to vote is, naturally, a person who isn't interested in voting or in politics in general. Threatened by a fine, he will hurry down to the polling-booth just before closing time, set his mark against the first name on the list and collect his credentials from the scrutineer.

There is no doubt that a fining system would increase the balloting. So would door-prizes, to be given away to departing voters. But while voting might be heavier under these circumstances, it wouldn't necessarily be much help to the community. It might even be better to have a light vote, registered by people who valued the franchise enough to use it, and interested enough to use it intelligently. It would also save the scrutineers a lot of useless paperwork.

THE DEPARTMENT OF AGRICULTURE, Consumers' Branch, has been investigating the subject of ready-prepared foods and has discovered that a meal entirely prepared in the kitchen costs forty cents to serve and takes five and a half hours to prepare. On the other hand, a ready-prepared meal takes one and a half hours to prepare and costs fifty-five cents. The housewife has to decide, said Miss Laura Pepper, who made these disclosures, "which she needs to save more, time or money; and what she is going to do with the time she saves".

As it works out, the housewife will save fifteen cents on three hours, or about ninety-five cents an hour less than she pays her cleaning woman. The time she saves may be spent in turning out thick, juicy, sizzling novels.

CURTAIN TIME: *Next week, Torontonians will be driving up to the Royal Alexandra to see Mavor Moore's musical adaptation of* Sunshine Town*—in just such sleek cars as this new Cadillac 5-passenger Series 62 sedan. New Spring fashions will appear, too, like this brown printed wool cocktail dress, with its black fringed horseshoe neckline, by Star Dress, Toronto (about $39.95, at Eaton stores).*

1955 Models: in Cars and Wool

COMMITTEE MEETING: *With the National Ballet of Canada ready to start its tour on January 17, members of the Women's Committee are meeting at the home of the President, Mrs. Max Haas, photographed here as a background for the new Packard Clipper, and with the visitor wearing a double-breasted blue-grey worsted flannel suit by Lady Duval, Toronto (about $70, at Toronto Eaton's and Simpson's).*

DINING OUT: *For Chinese—or any kind of—food, Montrealers like Ruby Foo's, so cars of distinction are always parked outside day and night, as with this new Chrysler New Yorker and its diminutive driver, who is wearing a coat specially designed for the 5' 5" and under, made from flamingo-red smooth-textured wool, with snow-top beige fox banding the bell sleeves, by Marcel La Casse Inc., Montreal (about $150, at Ottawa Morgan's, Toronto Eaton's, Montreal Simpson's).*

SHOPPING: *On Montreal's Sherbrooke and Toronto's Bloor Street, the smartest cars and fashion-conscious women are to be seen, previewed here by the new Lincoln Capri and by a suit of charcoal grey featherweight worsted, with the long torso jacket and a circular flared skirt, by Samuel Mintz, Montreal (about $85, at Toronto Simpson's).*

Photos: Courtesy the Wool Bureau, by Ken Bell

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Letters

Sharing Production

YOUR Front Page columnist is naive indeed in his proposal for retrieving the balance between the "have" and the "have not" nations of the world. "They cannot buy it (food) because they cannot pay for it. . . . because they are unable to produce its worth in other goods". The cure—provide "instructors and technicians who can prepare the way for the best use of capital investment", presumably for the erection of factories and the installation of plant to produce the goods to pay for the food.

Your columnist does not tell us which of the "have" nations will freely buy the goods to be manufactured by these new industries. What "have" nation wants payment in goods at all? . . . .

It is the fashion to poke fun at Social Crediters. Yet they are the only people who seem able to approach this problem with any sense of the fundamental realities involved.

Edmonton E. V. HATTERSLEY

Mystery

GENERAL PEARKES must have touched a sore spot which started your political venom flowing again. No change in the leadership, or policies of the Conservative party would change the political setup in Canada, as it now stands. The reason for this could be fully explained in one short paragraph. However, no editor, wishing to keep his seat on the band wagon, and with the directors of advertising, and circulation, looking over his shoulders, would have the courage to print it.

Naramata, BC. W. L. WATSON

Editor's Note: Mr. Watson unfortunately omitted his "short paragraph".

Minority Report

THE GENERAL reaction of horror which your November 6 editorial, roasting us clergy, drew from the professionals, moves me to submit a dissenting view.

While certainly painful, the whiplash of adverse criticism can also be salutary. What you described is not a myth. It exists. It is not the whole story, but it is part—too big a part, it must be confessed with embarrassment. An occasional public spanking, such as yours, will move us to corrective action, even though at first we are prone to holler,"I didn't do it!"

We clergy are engaged in a tough battle, Mr. Editor, starting with ourselves who are far from perfect. For we are frail human beings, not gods. The battle continues with the situations we inherit.

There are two invaluable allies in this struggle: (1) honest critics who will tell us the truth about ourselves; (2) clear-eyed, fearless laymen who will help to maintain our churches as vigorous, powerful agencies for good.

(REV.) WAVERLEY D. GANT

Okotoks, Alta.

The Queen's English

I HOPE that Canadian civil servants are being supplied with copies of the book on plain English by Sir Ernest Gowers referred to in Ivor Brown's recent article in SN. Perhaps one of the examinations for entry into the civil service could be based on it, with candidates required to translate a passage from the circumlocutions of official documents into lucid English. Then shoe-laces could be called such instead of "shoe accessories" and a taxpayer would recognize he was meant if he were called so instead of being labelled as a "person of the prescribed class".

Winnipeg R. A. LONG

IVOR BROWN is so right!

But how are you going to uneducate the so-called learned professions, the Civil Service, and even the bourgeois executive from using the classic jargon of their crafts?

It is virtually self-perpetuating. Only a few rebels in these fields have the time and energy to study the elements of good writing and public speaking. And even then it is almost a life's work to cast off jargon's yoke.

My guess is that we are stuck with it till the human race finds some better tool than language to convey meaning.

Montreal ALAN SWABEY

Of Many Things

I RESENT Sean O'Casey's classification of J. B. Priestley as a "minor moper". Mr. Priestley has an incisive pen and if he has at times sounded disgruntled, it is because things at large, as Mr. O'Casey himself admits, are more likely to induce anger than mirth. But surely, if anything were needed to disprove the indictment, it would be Mr. Priestley's latest book, *Low Notes on a High Level.*

Kingston, Ont. ELIZABETH FAUX

I WAS particularly impressed with the account of Sweden's Labor Court in a recent issue (SN, Dec. 18). Perhaps such a court would be a good thing for Canada and it might start by defining a few terms such as "negotiation", which seems to be capable of a variety of definitions.

Windsor, Ont. THOMAS R. ENGLISH

WHAT HAPPENED to the best line of Canadian poetry some hardy letter-writer suggested? Snowed under in the rush of Christmas mail or submerged by irate clergymen? To revive the controversy, I submit that Peter Dwyer's poem "Loon", published in SN a month or so ago was one of the best treatments of a hackneyed Canadian theme that I have seen. I particularly liked the line "In the white bone of the wind's contention". . .

Saskatoon OLGA HINTON

THE RECENT article by J. Alex Edmison . . . reminds me of an open prison camp which was operating very successfully in Denmark some fifty years ago when I was a young woman. This large "prison farm" or "camp" was without walls, guns or corporal punishment, and because of its moral and economic success constituted a real landmark in progressive penology. It is heartening to learn that this country is now beginning to overhaul its system . . .

St. Catharines, Ont. HILDA R. B. WERDEN

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